MG TITLE-PAGE & INDEA TOODER

# Collier's



VOL XXXVI NO 1

SEPTEMBER 30 1905

PRICE 10 CENTS

# WASHINGTON Ralston Health

"Its low cost will surprise you, I am sure: A Ten-Cent package of this Ralston Health Food expands into Seven pounds of "Ready-to-eat" Cereal when you cook it five minutes. Observe—seven pounds for 10 cents. (That's where the life-principle shows some of its expansive activity and its economy.)

A Fifteen Cent package of Ralston Health Food grows into Fourteen pounds of nerve-nourishing Breakfast Cereal, when cooked.

That means about 100 dishes of Ready-to-eat Cereal for 15 cents.

And the flavor is delicious—a rich, creamy delight to the palate because of the fat, full-flavored, and glutinous wheat it is made from.

Now why don't you get a WANT to set you thinking about Life-about WANT to set you thinking about Life—about the Vital Spark in Food!

And I will take the Egg as an example of what I mean.

You know an Egg is just an undeveloped Chicken. All the Yolk of Egg needs to make it live—is the re heat of hatching.

It is therefore pretty near being Life itself.

That's why the Yolk of Egg is so powerful, as nourishment.

nourishment.

Now what makes the Yolk of Egg differ from a Loaf of White Bread in its degree of Life-principle and nutrition?

Well, the Yolk of Egg contains 65 per

cent of Phosphoric Acid.

and of Phosphoric Acid.

And that great authority—Buchner—says
"WITHOUT PHOSPHORUS THERE
IS NO THOUGHT." Think of that!
Now, there is practically no Phosphorus in White Bread and in many
other staple foods.

But, the Yolk of an Egg is so rich
in Phosphorus that it is almost alive

in Phosphorus that it is almost alive.

\*

Phosphorus, you know, is the weird chemical that makes the business end of a match glow, when you rub it, in the dark.

Drug Store Phosphorus will burst into flame if you merely touch it, unless it be kept in water. It is a mysterious almost-alive stuff. But Drug Store Phosphorus is not in proper state for you or

No. 1.

If it was we could all be intellectual Giants by just eating enough of it.

The Phosphorus, to nourish Brain and Nerve, must therefore come to us in Fool form, not in Medicine form. And most of us need more than we get of it.

But wherever we find an Animal Food, or a Vegetable Food, so full of Life as the Valts of Exerce the Heart of Wheat there we find a surplus of suitable Phosphorus for we

But wherever we find an Animal Food, or a Vegetable Food, so full of Life as the Yolk of Egg or the Heart of Wheat, there we find a surplus of suitable Phosphorus for us. Now this Phosphorus (that makes the Yolk of an Egg turn into a living Chick by the mere heat of a brooding hen's body over it) is the same kind of Phosphorus that makes the Heart or "Germ" in a Grain of Wheat sprout into a living, growing, plant, by the mere heat of the soil.

And that Phosphorus (which is so nearly alive in the Yolk of Egg, and in the Germ or "Heart" of Wheat), is the Life-principle of a Food I want to tell you about today, viz.—Ralston Health Food, which is almost ready to turn into Human Nerve and Brain, when cooked five minutes and eaten. when cooked five minutes and eaten.

"This Ralston Health Food contains, in its Ralston Processed Wheat-hearts or Seed Germs, the wonderful Human Phosphorus, converted into readiest form, for easy digestion and quick absorption.

The have never known any other Cereal food that contained the Life-principle of

Wheat in the same way as the Yolk contains the Life-principle of Egg. Have you?

Because the invention of the Ralston Health Process was necessary to preserve and develop this Heart or Germ of Wheat so it could be commercially handled and reach

develop this Heart or Germ of Wheat so it could be commercially handled and reach you in its most nourishing form.

And the difference in Nerve-nourishment between Ralston Health Food, and most other Cereal Foods is just like the difference between the abounding Nervous Strength, Activity and Courage, of the pacing Tiger, contrasted with that of the placid Cow of equal weight, lying lazily on the grass she fed from.

That splendid Nerve-strength, and Nerve-activity, of Phosphoric "Wheat-Germ" is what Americans need most today. And, it is what they can get from Ralston Health Food in liberal supply when they persist in eating it daily.

and glutinous wheat it is made from.

Now why don't you get a package of this Nerve-leeding Ralston Health Food today?

You'll find it works on the growth of growing Children as a gentle rain works on the growth of growing Wheat.

And tired, Nerve-worn, people get new Nerve-strength and Thinking capacity from its vitalizing Heart of Wheat or Germ.

Observe that the cost of Ralston Health Food is only one-fifth of a cent per plateful, when cooked. Don't forget its name (when you ask your Grocer for it).

10 cents and 15 cents a package, except in remote places."

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construction.

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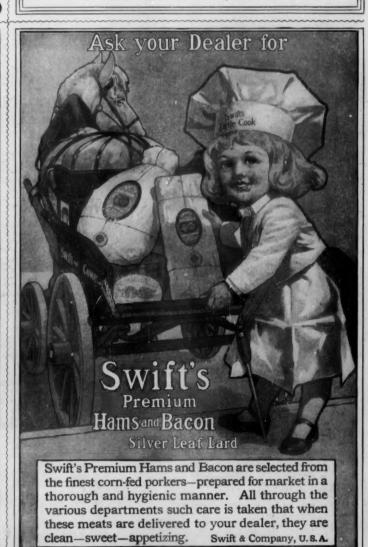
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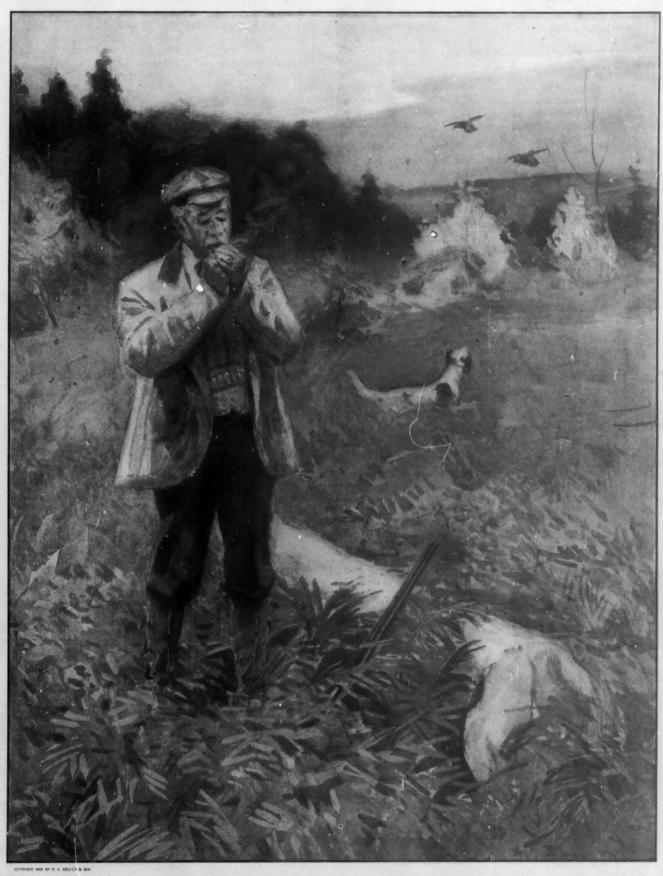


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# Collier's THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY



HE MOST PROGRESSIVE MONTHLY in America intends to republish the article on "Christian Citizenship," which the author prefers to remain unknown. The editor of that monthly, who leads easily in his field, with no seconds, calls the article the best expression yet put into print of the new politics. The new politics are to be real politics. They are to be an effort for the best good of the whole people, not a scramble between two sets of parasites differing only in their names. Emancipation of the people from bosses and machines must be won. Mr. Colby's performances in the machine-ridden State of New Jersey show what one determined man can do. As the crooked party organizations make their greatest incomes from granting franchises to corporations, on the principle of dividing money which belongs to the taxpayers, an enemy of unlimited special privileges,

like Mr. Colby, was naturally displeasing to a boss. The nomination for the Senate, which Mr. COLBY won from the supposedly all-powerful boss, was on a platform which stated four purposes: 1. To stop the granting of perpetual franchises to public-service corporations. 2. To reduce individual taxes by taxing the franchises of public-service corporations at their true value. 3. To reduce general taxes by taxing railways at the same rate other taxpayers pay. (In New Jersey private owners of realty pay \$22 a thousand. Railways pay \$5 a thousand on the "main stem.") 4. To enable each voter to voice his preference for United States Senator. If Mr. Colby, with no previous following, can win against the machine in the hotbed of corporate and political corruption, there is no reason to fear the outcome in the general engagement now approaching between the people and the parasites.

MR. JEROME'S RE-ELECTION is not only the most important result to be sought in the New York election. It is the only result of the first importance. Mr. McClellan probably deserves re-election, taking the situation as it stands, but that is an open question, and one of mere temporary ex-In Mr. Jerome's success a great principle is at stake. Nothing in the world could beat him except boss strength, the intrenched power of organized corruption. Success for Mr. JEROME is the thing in politics at the present moment which it is most essential to secure. The leaders of both political parties are more bitterly opposed to him than they are to any other man in New York, because he is the greatest obstacle

THE MIX-UP so much to destroy the condition of things by which, if a man desired justice, he must crawl upon his belly to a boss to secure it. The District Attorney, with the vast power of the criminal law behind him, has usually been a creature who would allow a man's guilt or innocence to be determined by his political affiliations to this gang or that. Mr. JEROME has turned his office into a clean and strong weapon of the right. Therefore is he loved and trusted by the people. Therefore is his political life sought, by fair means and foul, by every crook and spoilsman in New York. And the considerations which make it natural for all the organized forces of corruption to hate the District Attorney are those which should lead the people of New York to come out upon the field and strike a blow that will be remembered.

A REACTION IS CERTAINLY taking place in favor of the smaller insurance companies, though to what extent can not yet be told. Years ago the dangers of unlimited size were pointed out. In a paper by an actuary read at the Convention of Insurance Commissioners of 1892, for example, it was argued that the largest companies might "grow to such vast size that their assets and affairs could not be perfectly managed by their officers, supervised by their directors, and examined by State insurance officials." And he, like other prophets, pointed out also the moral temptation, in-

creasing with the size. Mr. HUGHES, pressing an officer of one big company about syndicate operations, received the reply that they were necessary in order to handle so much business. To the paraphrase of Mr. Hughes, that the insurance companies fight for an amount of business that will force them to disregard the law, there was, as there could be, no adequate reply. These big companies have come to be indifferent to the per-

manence of the business written. The public has been naturally hypnotized by figures. The statement of an agent that his company has hundreds of millions in assets stops criticism, for "a billion of assets in force" must impress the uninformed imagination. The policy-holder can hardly be expected to know that under the law of legal reserve each thousand dollars of insurance in force is protected by its reserve, and that therefore a company with \$20,000,000 of insurance in force, and a reasonable surplus, is as sound as one with many times that volume. The principles of life insurance, however, will, at the end of the present upheaval, be better understood by the public than they ever were before. A limitation of the amount of insurance permitted to one company is likely to be among the many legal measures taken to keep this vast and necessary business from becoming dangerous to the policy-holders, to other lines of enterprise, and to the community.

THE WORST PREVAILING EVILS brought out in the legislative investigation of insurance are two. Lobbying and bribery, direct or indirect, are worse, but they are not special to insurance, constant, and closely interwoven with the system. The two most demoralizing practices are the participation of insurance officers in syndicates and the control exercised by international bankers not only over insurance companies, but over the whole financial market, including the railways and other large interests which issue bonds. A railway wishes to sell bonds direct to an insurance company. An intimation comes from the banking houses that such procedure will be severely punished, and so great is the power of these robber barons that nobody dares refuse their rake-off. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, LOEB & Co., and Spever & Co. thus boss the financial world, with ruthless and inexcusable greed, and it would require a bold railway to defy their will. The insurance companies can secure the most profitable investments only by going into syndicates, most of which are in close relation to these banks. The actual wrong, on the part of insurance men, lies not in buying through syndicates for their companies, but in accepting allotments for themselves, thus reducing the amount of a desirable investment granted to the company, and also reducing their ability to form entirely disinterested judgments in the company's behalf. Part of the syndicate evil can be dealt with fairly well by absolutely preventing insurance officials from investing in the same securities which they buy for their companies, but how to keep the bankers from forcing themselves between the sellers and the purchasers of securities, by threats of ruin to all who refuse the rake-off, is one of the hardest problems in the situation.

THE FEW ARE WISER sometimes than the many. Every week that passes makes clearer the wisdom of Japan's decision to have peace, and the Japanese crowd will understand it some time, even as Americans now approve of the JAY treaty for which ALEX-ANDER HAMILTON was stoned on Broadway. We do not yet know what, if any, part the bankers took; whether or not the British Government promised to guarantee Japan's new territory in the treaty by which India is to be protected; or whether the wise Orientals counted profit and cost without having to reckon with either of these external influences, but only with what might happen if Russia were able, with money and internal control, to wait doggedly for some years. What we do know is that Japan wins not only the things expressly stated, but others of as great or greater moment-as the ultimate control of China and SETTLING D O W N of the railways that nominally are hers. The Govern-

ment's explanation to the people, that the new conditions call for commercial energy and prowess not less than the prowess and energy that defeated Russia, will sink more and more into the people's mind. Some have been sorry to see peace, because of a guess that war would have brought a speedier revolution, a remote and uncertain surmise, hardly to be weighed against the ardent wishes of cautious and progressive Russians like M. DE WITTE. Nor do we expect appreciable loss to American interests in the Occident by the hysterical over-expression given to the President's important rôle. If the peace is a good one for Japan, as we believe it is, the Japanese people will lose their resentment at us step by step with their growing understanding that they have not been bullied as they were ten years ago.



ONE COUNT AGAINST RUSSIA is often drawn defectively. She is guilty of treating Poland clumsily and barbarously at present, but the ordinary tale of a weak country inexcusably swallowed by a strong one is less history than romance. Russian territory was partitioned by Sweden and Poland a century before the turn of Poland to be divided came. Poland took possession of the Russian throne. She disregarded her treaty obligations. The Russians were treated with barbarity. As one historian puts ir, when Russia took her slice of Poland, it was "but a single battle in the long campaign which had lasted for eight hundred years, and which even now is not concluded." The provinces which Catherine took she reconquered, Poland having taken them from Russia when her star was in the ascendant. Moreover, when Poland lost her independence, she was in a state so far from freedom that of the eighteen mil-

a state so far from freedom that of the eighteen million inhabitants only the one hundred and fifty thousand nobles "bore a share in conducting that ceremonious anarchy which was called a government." The plebeians were slaves. "Your lips overflow with freedom," wrote Modrzewski in 1559, "but there is nought among you except a barbarous servitude, which abandons the life of a man to the mercy or mercilessness of his lord." It was a king of Poland who said that his nobles made scarcely a difference between serfs and beasts. But, as Lord Salisbury has well said, "all the facts which make in favor of the Russia of the past tell with fatal force against the Russia of to-day." If the former state of Poland was so bad, what a Government it is that causes even that past anarchic slavery to be regretted!

WEST POINT WAS MADE RIDICULOUS, when visited by Baron Rosen and M. DE WITTE, by the remission of punishments previously awarded to the cadets. "This action," the order reads, "is taken as a compliment to the distinguished envoys themselves and as a mark of regard to the great nation they represent." Truly this is regal. When Majesty has a birthday, or is graciously pleased to traverse some town, criminals are freed in honor of the great event. We are getting on. One-man power increases at Washington along with the power of half a dozen Senators, and fifty financiers, while the House of Representatives loses, except in the case of its one man, the Speaker.

PIRE Perhaps we can soon compete in royal methods with the Emperor of Germany, who jails a subject three months for declaring that "all is not Solomonic wisdom that falls from the Emperor's lips." This was before the recent royal slap at arbitration. One hundred and twenty-five paragraphs of the German statute book relate to this crime, of making aspersions upon Majesty, and nine hundred volumes have been published on the topic. 1904 saw 3,956 of these convictions in the Kaiser's empire, aggregating 4,098 years in prison. Ten persons per day, in other words, are convicted for this offence, with an average of more than a year behind the bars. We still have free speech, and may use part of it in expressing nausea at the importation of a sycophantic foreign custom at West Point.

ENTHUSIASM FOR MR. HENRY JAMES is an emotion which we respect, and in some directions share, but we do not believe that love for American conditions is among his idiosyncrasies. An evidently reflective reader observes that our opinion has been formed from "a few recent random utterances of Mr. James instead of from the evidence of his writing considered as a whole." In our critic's opinion no writer has shown such appreciation of all that is "fine and rare," in the American character. Not to go back to early works like "The American" and "The Portrait of a Lady," his defender takes his last three novels. He finds the theme of all of them, to a certain extent, the

THE LOVE OF A MERICA

Ambassadors' the finest character is an American man. In "The Wings of the Dove" and "The Golden Bowl" the heroines are American women "shown in an environment of worldliness and viciousness. The Europeans furnish the dark background against which these figures stand in sharp relief." The argument is that Mr. James's real attitude should be looked for in his carefully considered works of fiction rather than in the hasty and casual utterances of his recent visit. Our reader differs from us only in his premises. If Mr. James's personal taste is to be sought in his fiction, his enjoyment of Americans, if not of

America, is not difficult to prove. As, however, the abstract, reasoned view is one thing, and private preference another, these facts do not contradict our contention that Mr. James does not actually enjoy his country, or the peculiarities and mode of life of American society.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS IS AN AMERICAN, full of pairiotic energy and interest in his country's men and women. His humor is native and his ethics also have no relation to Paris or to Scandinavia. Consequently he is a trifle hard on SHAW, who was nourished on IBSEN and gives an Irish twist of paradox to Continental realism. Mr. Thomas has seen no play of Shaw and only one of IBSEN, but on his reading he deems "Mrs. Warren's Profession" the only dramatic play by Shaw, and that is perhaps of all Shaw's the most obviously derived from the Norwegian. Women of society have evidently been the backbone of Shaw's popularity in America, and Mr. Thomas therefore analyzes these ladies. They are keen, he thinks, devoted to mental fencing, appre- ON ANOTHER ciative of wit, but with less than men of the broader and kindlier understanding of the incongruous that we call humor. Mr. Thomas calls humor "the expression of some unhappy experience generously reviewed." As Shaw, though agile, is insincere; he lacks the soul of humor, which Mr. Thomas finds in the great American humorists. "Mark Twain is the most sincere and simple, perhaps, of all the men who are writing." All of which is true, albeit hard on Shaw, who, with all his conscious attitudes, flashes frequently far into the darks of human action. If Mr. Thomas will subject himself to "Man and Superman," we earnestly believe that his evening will be a pleasant one.

I F BERNARD SHAW KNEW that American dressmakers prophesy a fashion of corsets for men it would fill his paradox-loving soul with glee. He probably would defend the custom, since nothing is to be said in its favor by ordinary minds. Corsets injure women, he might argue; therefore men should be the ones to wear them. They would certainly do less harm to men than they do to women. The German army officers wear them without perceptibly injurious results. In this country it has not become fashionable to adorn the fiercer sex, even in gayly tinted robes such as ancient men wore for beauty. A Russian philanthropist gives land to the most beautiful specimens he can find of both men and women, provided they will marry and settle in his vicinity. Perhaps if such views of beauty ultimately

prevail, men may reach the stage of necklaces, powder, face massage, and corsets. One dressmaker declares that men certainly need the corset. "I for one," she declares, "am disgusted with this belt and suspender effect. It is horrid to see a man continually hitching up his trousers. Think how much neater he could keep his shirt in summer." It is horrid. It is. It is. And we should love to see the neatness of his shirt in summer. Besides, what if this prospect does contain just a suspicion of the effete? Have not our most prosperous women attained to the stage of evolution in which reproduction is no longer a privilege, but a keenly dreaded task?

WHAT WOMEN GAIN by having few children, or none, is primarily the opportunity to "enjoy" more of what is called luxury, and also to devote themselves to what sometimes passes under the description of amusement. Physical cowardice counts for less than the love of expensive living and the love of gadding, A noted physician prophesies that, as under the Roman Empire, so with us, the decline in natural and constructive instincts will continue, expressed on the woman's side by childlessness; but we are happily not compelled to agree with him. To our feeling the tone of American life in general is now changing for the better. In that Roman Empire from which such analo- REWARDS OF gies are often drawn, the Emperor VESPASIAN, the rough soldier who did so much to stem the downfall, declared that there was no such thing as tainted money; or, as he expressed it, that money, from whatever source it comes, never smells. We are ceasing to look upon gold with as much passion as we did, and upon methods of gathering it with less charity; and if we are able to diminish that evil there is no reason why we should not lessen what has been a consequence, one consequence, among many, of devotion to wealth and the rewards, such as they are, which it can bring.

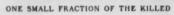
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# THE MASSACRES AT BAKU

The inveterate race war between the Tartars and the Armenians had been in progress for some time throughout the entire southeastern part of the Caucasian region, and by September 5 it had come to a head in Baku. The Tartars attacked the Arm mans, both in the city and in the outlying villages, and massacred them by hundreds. The first outbreaks were believed to have been committed with the connivance of the authorities, but the anarchy soon got out of hand and involved all classes in a common ruin. The Armenians resisted desperately, and for five days Baku was the scene of a continuous pitched battle. Finally the Tartars began burning oil wells, and while the destruction was not as complete as at first reported it was great enough to cripple Baku as a factor in the world's markets for a long time to come



THE BALAKHAN SECTION OF THE BAKU OIL FIELDS, WITH BURNING WELLS





AN ARMENIAN MURDERED IN THE STREET



AN ARMENIAN MOTHER AND HER TWO CHILDREN

The woman was maltreated and murdered after seeing her children killed.

Her husband, who was absent during the massacre, stands in the background

The bil fields of Baku, the richest in the world, are situated on the Caspian Sea, at the end of the Caucasus range, in the most intricate tangle of discordant nationalities that humanity can show. The population includes Tartar workmen, Armenian business men, Russian officials, Persians, Kurds, and specimens of all the innumerable wild tribes of the Caucasus. Baku is the largest city of Asiatic Russia, with a population of 179,133 by the census of 1897



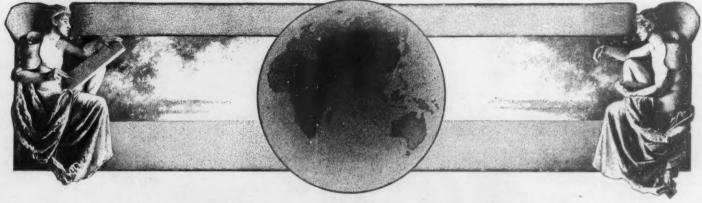
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IDENTIFYING THE DEAD

# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



### DISAPPEARING WAR CLOUDS

OR THE FIRST TIME in many months Russia and Japan retire from the first place in current The restoration of peace in history. the Far East has been followed by angry mutterings of war between Norway and Sweden, but Scandina-vian common-sense, backed by the moral pressure of the civilized world,

has been able to avert this wanton and stupid crime. Sweden having conceded the essential point of Norway's separation—the only issue upon which war could have been waged with any pretence of a reasonable cause—there remained to be settled nothing but minor details. Commissioners have been in session at Karlstad to arrange these. For a time a rupture was threatened upon the question of the destruction of Norway's frontier fortresses. The Norwegians were willing to raze their modern fortifications, but not the historical castles of Fredriksteen and Kongsvinger. The Swedes did not insist upon the destruction of the ancient parts of those works, but demanded the removal of their modern additions, which are armed with high-powered guns. An agreement was finally

# "IN PLACE, REST"

THE CURTAIN WAS finally rung down upon the tremendous military drama in the Far East on September 13, when General Fukushima and

General Ovanosky signed an armistice after nine hours of negotiation on an open plain. At the same time the Japanese legation in London gave out the protocol upon which the armistice was based. It provided for a zone of demarcation between the two armies, forbade the despatch of reinforcements by either side to the theatre of war, and stipulated that those already on the way should not be sent north of Mukden on the part of Japan or south of Harbin on the part of Russia. For some unaccountable reason it was agreed that maritime captures should not be suspended by the armisticean arrangement so contrary to all reason and to the rights of neutrals that it caused great indignation among shipping men, some of whom had already despatched vessels on the as sumption that they could sail under peace conditions. Insur-

ance rates on ships for endangered waters immediately jumped from a peace to a war basis.

# THE CZAR'S PEACE CONFERENCE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been so surfeited with glory of late that it is a small confidence with glory of late that it is a small sacrifice for him to leave a few laurels for other potentates. According to reports from St. Petersburg, he is to leave to the Czar the honor of calling the second Hague Peace Conference. When the Russian Emperor assembled the nations for the first time at

The Czar is expected to call the next Peace Conference. An armistice has ended the bloodshed in Manchuria, and commonsense has prevented a new outpouring in Scandinavia. The legislative insurance investigation is bringing out astounding testimony. The United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue has struck a staggering blow at one great class of patent medicine swindlers

> The Hague, he was a friend of peace in theory, impressed by the arguments of Bloch's book. then he has had practical experience of the evils of war. The first Hague Conference, useful as it proved to be, was ridiculed by the dominant spirits of the great military powers of Europe. Russia was then considered one of the greatest, the most formidable, and the most ambitious of these powers. Her purpose in calling the Congress was mistrusted. It was widely believed to mask some deep scheme of Machiavellian diplomacy-perhaps a plot to induce her neighbors to disarm and then overrun them in a sudden invasion. Now there are no such suspicions. Nobody fears a Russian attack. And the experience the world has had of war since 1899 may be expected to lead to more fruitful results than followed the first gathering. The question of the limitation of armaments could not be touched at that time, because the great European powers were balanced in a state of unstable equilibrium that made each of them unwilling to risk any experiments. But now there is no con-

gant living has suggested the question: "Jena oder Sedan?" England's military weakness has been due to her rich amateur, officers who have treated their profession as a game. It has been the glory of the American army that not display but devotion to duty has been its standard of good form. But some of the evils of older services have begun to creep into ours, and General

found it necessary to strike at them in a report in which he urges that "young officers joining the service should be admonished that for them only the 'simple life' is possible.'

"The moment an officer is possessed with an uncontrollable desire for any other life, he, as a duty to himself as well as to his regiment, should separate himself from the service and enter the fields in which the material rewards admit of more luxurious living."

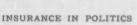
## THE TROUBLE STARTED AT BOWIE

Morgan City, Louisiana, agreeably closes the incident of the yellow fever cremation which imperiled the cotton crop of Texas by diverting almost the entire population of that State from fighting the boll weevil to writing letters of rebuke to this paper:

"MAYOR'S OFFICE

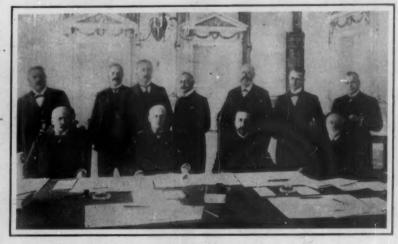
"MAYOR'S OFFICE

"MORGAN CITY, LOUISIANA, Schember 12, 1905
"Not guilty, Mr. Collier. In the name of as many of the 'three millions,' as this town possesses, we do assure you that though this is Morgan City, Louisiana, we have had no death from yellow fever here this year. While we don't blame Texas for kicking, we don't want the story saddled on us. The facts are as follows; print them and none will kick: On the Southern Pacific Railroad, some thirty miles from New Orleans, is a recently established (saw mill) hamlet called 'Bowie. To this place came three Italians. One sickened and died there, supposedly of yellow fever. He was buried at once, and the other two sent back to New Orleans. Then the owners of the little house where he died (saw-mill owners) burned the house, lest others should occupy it. These are the facts. C. H. ST. CLAIR."



AMILIARITY HAS hardened the public mind in a measure to revelations of insurance corruption, but the shocking conditions exposed at every

session of the Investigating Committee of the New York Legislature have rasped nerves that have long ceased to respond to the stimulus of Lawsonian rhetoric. It is not merely insur-ance corruption that we have to deal with now-it is the very essence of corruption itself, infecting the whole fabric of our commercial life, debauching our politics, and rotting the entire structure of our democratic government. When the New York Life Insurance Company announced its intention of showing the public through its entire establishment, from the kitchen to the attic, it did not foresee that it would be taken so thoroughly at its word. The



FOR PEACE OR WAR IN SCANADINAVIA

The Commi ners of Norway and Sweden meeting at Karlstad to arrange

> ceivable risk in reducing warlike expenditures. And the one great work of the first congress—the creation of a permanent international tribunal—may be matched by the second, with the creation of the germ of a permanent international parliament.

## THE MILITARY SIMPLE LIFE

THE GROWTH OF LUXURY among the officers of an army is the sure forerunner of military inefficiency. The triumphs of Prussia were won by troops led by Spartan officers, but now extravalegislative investigation has disclosed a state of things in that office which has reduced the Equitable's affairs to the rank of a side-show. Mr. George W. Perkins, vice-president of the New York Life, testified on September 15 that the company had contributed nearly \$150,000 to the Republican campaign funds in the last three Presidential contests. Of this \$48,702.50 went to Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss, the treasurer of the Republican National Committee, last year. The company had promised \$50,000, but the full amount was not called for. Mr. Bliss at the time was a director of the Equitable, and if he could get \$50,000 from the New York Life, with a nominal Democrat at its head, it is reasonable to suppose that he could get at least as much from his own company, in which Republican politics had such strong representation in the persons of Senator Depew, E. H. Harriman and others. The affair is a remarkable illustration of "Roosevelt luck." Poor Judge Parker

velt luck." Poor Judge Parker had to bear the odium of being a corporation candidate, while the corporations were contributing fortunes toward the election of

his opponent.

### UNOBTRUSIVE LIBERALITY

THOUGH MR. PERKINS DIOtested that in certain circumstances the use for campaign purposes of money which the policy-holders had paid for the protection of their wives and children was perfectly legitimate, it appeared that there had been a natural reluctance to let this legitimate expenditure show on the books. The payment had been ordered by President McCall without any authorization from the Finance Committee, and it had been made in the form of a check on the Hanover National Bank, payable to J. P. Morgan & Co., without any indication of purpose, and turned over to Mr. Perkins, who had advanced the Of the million money himself. policy-holders of the New York probably at least four hundred thousand are Democrats, and there is reason to suppose that there is also a sprinkling of Populists, Socialists, and Prohibitionists on the roll. It is not on record that in inducing these people to take out policies the agents of the company informed them that they would be thereby enrolling themselves as contributors toward the election of Republican Presidents. It is conceivable that even among the Republican policy-holders many have thought that they had fulfilled their duty to their party in their personal contributions, and that the money they set aside as a provision for their fami-lies should be devoted exclusively to that object. Fortunately for the campaign funds, it was not accessary for President McCall to take these

not accessary for President McCall to take these prejudices into account as long as his political benefactions remained secret.

### CURIOSITIES OF INSURANCE FINANCE

THERE WERE OTHER interesting things in the testimony of Mr. Perkins. There were two checks, aggregating \$100,000, paid without explanation to Mr. Andrew Hamilton of Albany and New York, and cashed at an Albany bank last year at a time when the Legislature was in session. Payments of \$100,000 for indefinite purposes were so common that it was impossible to remember whether this particular item was for legal services at the State capital or for a real estate purchase in New York, but the audience remembered that legal services at Albany had frequently proved expensive. Mr. Perkins threw some light, too, upon the practice of window-dressing before the time for an annual report. His testimony showed that the New York Life had been the possessor of \$4,000,000 of Mercantile Marine bonds, taken in a syndicate at

par. These were not exactly gilt-edged securities, and the inclusion of such a large holding in the company's assets would not have looked very well in the annual report. Accordingly, on December 31, 1903, the New York Life sold to J. P. Morgan & Co., through Mr. Perkins, \$800,000 of these bonds at par, and bought them back two days later at the same rate, the market price all the time being between 75 and 80. Thus the policyholders were relieved of the anxiety they would have felt if they had known that they held \$4,000,000 of shaky shipbuilding bonds.

### THE HIGHEST BRIDGE IN THE WORLD

THE NEW STEEL arch bridge of the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, across the Zambesi River, just below the famous Victoria Falls, was formally opened September 12, in the presence of a delega-

BRIDGING THE AFRICAN NIAGARA

The first railroad bridge across the Zambesl, opened September 12 by Professor George Howard Darwin, President of the British Association, who touched a button which fused a wire stretched across the railroad track and allowed an engine to cross. The object in the air below the bridge in the picture is a net provided during building for the accommodation of falling workmen

tion from the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It is 420 feet high, and was built on the cantilever principle, without central supports, becoming an arch when completed. The first connection between the two shores was made by firing a rocket across the gorge. This carried a cord, by which a wire was drawn over, then a small cable and then a great cable, with an electric trolley. Over this was sent half the material for the bridge, so that the work could be carried on from both sides at once, as well as that for one hundred and fifty miles of railroad. To balance the weight of the trusses as they were puilt out from the piers, immense wire cables were passed through inclined shafts sunk through the solid rock and connected by tunnels.

## AN OLIVE BRANCH FOR THE MINERS

F THERE IS TO BE WAR in the anthracite regions next year the miners wish to be in a position to command public sympathy. President Mitchell has been taking a conciliatory stand of late, and

qualifying the defiant expressions contained in some of his previous speeches. Addressing six thousand United Mine Workers at Shamokin, Pennsylvania, on September 16, he denied that he intended to present an ultimatum to Mr. Baer, with terms for the labor of one hundred and fifty thousand men and boys, to be accepted or let alone. On the contrary, he declared that his whole ambition was to be able to say to the operators:

"We are here as the spokesmen and representatives of all the men and boys employed in the anthracite mines; we wish to confer with you upon the question of our joint relations. We are desirous of entering into an agreement fixing wages, hours of labor, and other conditions of employment. We have certain claims which we desire to present, among them being the recognition of our union as a contracting party and the establishment of a maximum eight-hour work day."

Meanwhile the operators are saying nothing, but laying their plans for a break, if one is to come.

They have been securing evidence against the Miners' Certificate law, which requires every anthracite miner to have a certificate of efficiency, based on two years' experience, and the men believe that their purpose is to secure the repeal of the law and then fill the mines with unlicensed immigrants.

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### AS THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

THE MOST FRUITFUL source of international misunderstandings used to be simple ignorance. Now it is the distorted idea of foreign conditions produced by the misdirected industry of newspaper correspondents who think that the unadorned truth is not sufficiently decorative for their purposes. For instance, "La Presse" of Montreal has been moralizing at length upon the horrible conditions of life in New York on the strength of information thus startlingly summarized:

"New York has just given a truly charming spectacle. An accident on the elevated railroad precipitated several cars to the street; passengers were killed and wounded, and hardly were their bodies on the pavement when a cloud of pickpockets and assassins precipitated themselves upon the victims to rob them, steal their jewels and money, and even to mutilate them in order to reap a more ample harvest. They were so numerous that the police, occupied in chasing them with clubs, could not make a single arrest."

Naturally "La Presse" asks in horror: "What sort of population is that of the commercial metropolis of the United States, from which, at a given moment, at any point, such a formidable band of robbers and murderers can emerge?" In Canada, it adds proudly, such things are unknown, and the victims of accidents are tenderly cared for. New Yorkers who have been pluming themselves upon the promptness, efficiency, and humanity with which the suf-

ferers in the elevated wreck were relieved may reflect that possibly their own ideas about foreign happenings may be as grotesque caricatures of the facts as those that prevail abroad about themselves. It has been asserted by well-informed observers that, even in Russia, life is not all bombs and flaming petroleum, and that it is possible to spend as much as a week in a South American republic without being caught in a revolution.

# PROTECTIVE MISSIONARY GROUND

ANADA IS FOLLOWING the United States in its protective tariff policy, but at a respectful distance. South of the line a "hearing" on a proposed revision of the tariff is taken to mean an invitation to all persons who want more protection to come forward and ask for it. And there is never any backwardness about taking the hint. But in Canada, where a Tariff Commission, headed by Mr. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, has been taking testimony in the Northwest, we have had the remarkable spectacle of people coming forward

to ask that duties be reduced or abolished. Nor have these been mere consumers. Manufacturers have not hesitated to join in the demand. A firm making metal roofing appeared at one of the hearings to protest against any increase in the duty on tin plates. It said that it could stand a cut in the protection of its finished product, but any increase in the duty on its raw material would be fatal. Rather than have that, it would accept free trade both in the tin plates and in the finished goods. Another roofing concern expressed similar views. Some saddlery manufacturers protested against the duty on rye straw. Merchants complained of the taxes on woolen goods, earthenware, and cartridges, and insisted that all duties be kept down to a revenue basis. If the purpose of the commission's tour was, as has been said, to find reasons for a general increase of protection, a considerable part of the material collected will prove unavailable.

### ENGLISH-SPEAKING MONOPOLISTS

THE RETURNS of the world's gold production for 1904 help to explain the jealousy with which some European Powers regard the "greedy Anglo-Saxons." Of a total output of about \$341,000,000, the British Empire and the United States control no less than \$278,000,000, or over four-fifths of the whole. The United States alone, with a product of over \$82,000,000, far exceeds the entire non-English-speaking world. So does Australia alone, or the little colony of the Transvaal. The next returns will be still more impressive, for the Transvaal, Alaska, and the Canadian Yukon are all going ahead. In addition to cornering four-fifths of the gold of the world, the two English-speaking Powers have a third of all the land, four-sevenths of the shipping, two-thirds of the coal, and considerably more than half of the iron and steel.

### ONE PANAMA SCANDAL DISPOSED OF

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has decided that there is no foundation for the charge of favoritism made by certain disappointed bidders for the Panama commissary contract against Mr. Shonts, president of the Panama Railroad Company. Mr. Shontsexplains that equal opportunities were offered

to all the bidders; that the terms offered by the successful one were the most satisfactory, and that even if they had been somewhat higher his bid would still have been the most desirable, in view of the fact that he had had thirty years' experience in just such work, possessed an organization and a staff of employees that would ensure good service without interruption, and had made a special study of Isthmian needs on the ground, while his competitors had possessed only a short local experience at Ellis Island. The report of Mr. Shonts was approved by the President on September 14.

# NEW JERSEY IN LINE

ASSEMBLYMAN EVERETT COLBY of East Orange, New Jersey, has given the latest proof that American democracy is still alive. Like La Foilette in Wisconsin, Folk in Missouri, Hoch in Kansas, Deneen in Illinois, and Weaver in Philadelphia, he has shown that

the strongest political machine can be mastered by one man who knows how to win the confidence of the people. Jerome is teaching a similar lesson in New York. Mr. Colby is a young man who has served three years in the New Jersey Assembly. He noticed that the public interests were not considered at Trenton. He tried to secure the passage of a law abolishing perpetual franchises in cities, but the great corporations which owned the Legislature defeated it. The all-powerful local ma-

chine to which he owed his own seat told him that he had committed political suicide. But he declined to officiate as the central figure in the funeral the boss had prepared for him, and challenged the organization in its own primaries.



"CORPORAL" JAMES TANNER

The new Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic

Republican primary elections in Essex County had previously been sedate and decorous functions, bringing out about eight per cent of the party vote. After a hurricane campaign of four months Mr. Colby smashed the machine on September 12 in a primary in which nearly half the Republican voters of the county took part. He secured 338 out of 478 delegates to the County Convention, and the dispirited machine made no opposition to his nomination for State Senator upon a plat-

ward he contributed this suggestive bit to the general stock of political philosophy:

"I believe in machines. Otherwise I would have conducted this fight as an independent candidate. We will build a new machine, and when that gets into the control of those who are working only for their own interests it will also be destroyed."

### QUACKS FORCED INTO THE OPEN

THE DISTILLERS of straight liquor will be re-lieved of a formidable masked competition and the Women's Christian Temperance Union will perceive an extensive field for its reforming activity if the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has the courage to stand by the policy he announced on September 13. Commissioner Yerkes has ruled that the makers of patent medicines which are essentially alcoholic beverages must pay the taxes levied upon the manufacture of spirits, and that such medicines must not be sold to the public except under a retail liquor-dealer's license. The vast vogue of the patent-medicine habit is notoriously not due entirely to the delu-sion that quack concoctions will cure disease. It is very largely based on the well-founded telief that many patent medicines can be made to serve all the purposes of a visit to a saloon without its social disrepute. This advantage, heretofore enjoyed by the quack, is to be taken away. If he wants to sell whiskey flavored with herbs, he must sell it on the same basis with whiskey undisguised.

### THE MISMANAGED LAKE FISHERIES

THE CANADIAN PATROL cruiser Vigilant, which distinguished herself some time ago by ramming and sinking an American fishing boat with some loss of life, fired on another alleged poacher on September 14, and struck it twice. She caught another the next day, and attacked two more within a week. These incidents emphasize the need for some international regulation of the fisheries of the Great Lakes. Under the present arrangements, by which fishing vessels and patrol boats play hide-and-seek across an imaginary line, there is constant friction, and at the same time the fish are not protected. It is predicted that in the absence of radical remedies the lake fisheries will be absolutely destroyed in a few years, and the fresh-water

seas which once swarmed with the finest types of aquatic life will be reduced to dreary wallows of 'swinish carp. What is needed is a wholesale restocking, with an international close period of some years, after which Canadians and Americans might well be allowed to fish on both sides of the line under the supervision of an international lake police.

# OUR PACIFIC CABLES

ONCESSIONS OBTAINED from Japan and China will enable the Com-mercial Pacific Cable Company within a few months to extend its lines from Guam to Yokohama and from Manila to Shanghai. This will put us in direct communication with all parts of the North Pacific by an American system. The South Pacific is cared for by the English line from British Columbia to Australia. When Dewey was blockading Manila there was not a single electric thread across the great ocean. It was possible,

of course, to reach the coast of Asia by sending a message three-fourths of the way around the world, but that was so expensive as to be an undue tax on commerce. Now the cables to Japan and China will be available just in time to help our merchants to take advantage of of the trade boom that will follow the war. Fortunately the Chinese boycott, which appears to be dying out even in its original habitat, never had a footing in the regions opened by peace.



WELCOMING A NEW MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN UNION

Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, responding to the address of Mayor Mackenzie, of Edmontoo, in the ceremonies inaugurating the new Province of Alberta, September 1. On the same day, Alberta and Saskatchewan, whose capital is Regina, were admitted to full provincial rights, increasing the number of self-governing partners in the Dominion from seven to nine. The new Provinces take in most of the old Territories of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Athabaska, and Assinibola, and each of them is larger than the German Empire

form demanding limited franchises, full taxation of franchise values and of railroad real estate, and the popular nomination of United States Senators. This victory showed that the old prescription of "going to the primaries" as a cure for bad government had some virtue, but it also showed that the cure demanded plenty of hard work. Mr. Colby won by giving the same time and energy to his campaign that was given by the bosses. He was not at amateur against professionals. After-

# THE PLAYGROUND CITY

An Experiment in Making a New York Recreation Park Self-Governing, that Young Citizens may

Learn Early the Responsibilities of American Citizenship

MARY K. MAULE

PLATGROUND CITY



CONVENTION AT WHICH THE NOMINATION OF OFFICERS WAS MADE

THE world is learning that the play of the child is not a meaningless pastime. It is the spontaneous expression of his exact degree of psychological development. The grown-up savage, a child intellectually, finds his normal occupation in fighting and making war. The child, psychologically speaking in many respects a savage, plays at war as naturally and inevitably. Those who are engaged in the solution of the "child problem," as it exists outside of the homes and in the streets of our great cities, have acted upon this idea by endeavoring to substitute for the game of war the game of politics. They are endeavoring to replace the "gang" type of the old appeal to brute force with the juvenile municipality type of the more civilized appeal of the human race to the ballot. Probably the first of these experiments, as applied to a city park, was undertaken in Louisville, Kentucky. Along somewhat similar lines is the School City idea developed in Philadelphia by Mr. Wilson Gill. The George Junior Republic, also similar in character, though more ambitious and comprehensive in its plan—a miniature state, in fact, in its own sphere sufficient unto itself—is probably the best known type of the self-governing juvenile community. The latter even issues its own money, operates jts own banks, polices its territory, tries offenders, and those who do not work and earn enough of the community's currency are made vagrants in disgrace. The most recent experiment of this sort is now being tried in New York, where the government of the play-grounds of the recreation parks of the city is gradually being transferred from the hands of the park authorities to those of the children, who, in the densely congested portions of the city, almost make these parks their homes.

Doing Away With the East Side "Gangs"

When the Hamilton Fish Park—down in the heart of New York's lower East Side—was first opened, the invasion of the boys' "gangs" threatened its very existence. They captured the playgrounds, bullied and abused the girls and younger children, carried off bats, balls, tennis racquets, boxing gloves, and all kinds of apparatus used on the playgrounds, tore down swings, fought bloody battles with rival "gangs," and kept the playgrounds in a continual state of siege or active warfare. It soon became evident to the supervisor and teachers that if the newly-opened playgrounds were to

be any benefit to the children who swarmed there by be any benefit to the children who swarmed there by thousands, some other game, some rival organization must be started, to offset and finally exterminate the gang. Now, boys like organization. Boys like self-government. Boys are young animals, who must have some vigorous outlet for their animal spirits. In the crowded streets of the city they can not find that outlet without resorting to rowdyism and crime. They crave excitement, action, contest, something upon which to exercise their over-active minds as well as bodies. Act-



NATHAN KASE ACCEPTING THE NOMINATION FOR MAYOR The Mayor of Hamilton Fish Park is sixteen years old. The chief "spellbinder" during his campaign was twelve-year-old Samuel Ehrman, whom Mayor Kase appointed Commissioner of Parks

BALLOT PLATGROUND CITY

ing upon these facts, the supervisor elected "captains" from among the boys and organized all kinds of ath-letic games. Teams were formed— baseball, football, basket-ball, track

letic games. Teams were formed—baseball, football, basket-ball, track teams—gymnasiums were opened, both inside the building for use in inclement weather and outside on the playgrounds. Interest was excited. The boys spent more time on the playgrounds. The "gangs" began to languish. The boy who had formerly been the captain of a "gang" began to find more excitement, more pleasure, more glory in being captain of a team. Rival teams from other parks were challenged to match games, victories were won, community pride and community interest began to grow. When it was found that cigarette smoking and late hours interfered with the chances of making a team, the boys began to "cut out" smoking and street prowling. Daily exercise on the field, in the gymnasium, and on the running track, followed by a cold plunge and a brisk rub began to show results. More bright eyes and healthy complexions were seen in the vicinity of Hamilton Fish Park.

# Organizing the Playground City

Organizing the Playground City

Observing the rivalry among the boys for the positions of "captains" and "monitors," Supervisor Kelly determined that the time was ripe for a broader development. It was time that this heterogeneous mass of foreign-born children should begin to learn self-government, begin to be good American citizens. As in the old days the children were taught war by playing war, so now they should be taught citizenship by playing politics. On July 31 a convention was called, at which a city charter, modeled almost exactly after that of New York City, was drawn up, and a constitution adopted, incorporating the playgrounds of Hamilton Fish Park into a city under the name of "Playground City," and containing the following preamble:

"In order to ensure the furtherance of good citizenship, clean athletics, manly sports, and the development of good fellowship among us, we, the boys of Hamilton Fish Park, in convention assembled, hereby constitute ourselves the 'Playground City' and adopt the following constitution."

Nominations were then made for mayor, twenty members of the city council, a comptroller, a police commissioner, and five captains of track teams. There had been some talk at first of having equal suffrage, but, utterly unlike the little girls of the "Little Farm-



CANVASSING IN THE MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN



CHEERING THE ELECTION RETURNS



ELECTION DAY IN PLAYGROUND CITY

ers" community, over in the DeWitt Clinton Park on the other side of town, little interest in the subject was shown among the girls of Playground City. Coming mostly from Jewish and Italian families, long years of tradition lay behind them, and it was plainly evident by their attitude toward the coming election that they regarded the right of suffrage as being utterly at variance with the duties and interests of woman. The franchise, therefore, was limited to the boy members of the new city, and the campaign was inaugurated with a buzz of interest which so entirely absorbed them that the old gangs languished and died a natural death.

It was a process of natural selection which led to the choice of two of their older boys for the honorable and responsible position of mayor. Nathan Kase and Samuel Melitzer were the rival candidates. Supervisor Kelly, Park Commissioner Pallas, and all the policemen in the district took a great interest in the campaign and election, and when the 15th day of August arrived every arrangement had been made to carry out the election according to regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election. Regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election. Regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election. Regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election. Regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election according to regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election according to regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election according to regulation rules governing city elections. Registration books were opened several days before the election according to registration to the summer of the rule of the

### The Mayor and His Duties

In drafting the constitution and selecting the officers to rule over this play city, great care had been taken to select only such executives as meant something in the development of the new citizens. To the mayor was delegated the place of paramount authority, giving, him the right to govern the playground, to help in the making of the laws which regulated the games and playground, and to veto such measures as he thought unwise or unconstitutional. To the twenty members of the city council was apportioned the work of establishing laws to govern the city, "these regulations to have as their end the good government of the playground, the protection of its frequenters, the furtherance of clean athletics, and gentlemanly conduct in the sports and playground games." To the commissioner of police was given the power to appoint mem-

bers of the police force, whose duty it is to maintain order on the playgrounds. Cleanliness and civic pride is fostered in the municipality through the departments of street cleaning and decoration, and honest and careful management of the finances of the playground city, by giving the full control of all money for purchasing suits, balls, bats and other paraphernalia into the hands of the comptroller, who was especially chosen on account of his honesty and executive ability.

### Enthusiasm and Lovalty

It was a noticeable fact that through all the excitement of the lively campaign, and during the election that followed it, there was no ill feeling between the rival candidates and their followers. Votes were freely solicited and bartered for, electioneering was hot and party feeling strong, but behind it all lay the sentiment of mutual citizenship, and "our city," "our teams," "our victories" cemented a good-fellowship that party zeal could not affect. Upon the playground the day after the election a mob of shouting, grinning youthful citizens surrounded the mayor, shaking his hand, patting him upon the back, and showing him by all kinds of boyish pranks the joy and pride they felt in him and in their new municipality. The mayor himself, a mild-mannered, modest lad of sixteen, with a slender, serious face, and eyes which held behind their boyish smile a resolute mind and a strong character, blushed painfully at the compliments that were showered upon him and said he "hoped he'd be a good mayor, that he'd try to be."

It is the purpose of those who are making this experiment so to extend this system of self-government that ultimately every recreation park in New York will be included in the scheme, making a city, county, and State organization, which will hold conventions, elect officers, and make laws governing the frequenters of the playgrounds. Early in August the "Little



MAYOR KASE AND THE EXECUTIVE OFFICERS OF PLAYGROUND CITY

Parmers" of the DeWitt Clinton Park held an election, in which Peter Christman was made mayor; Thomas Mead and Esther Greene, district judges; Robert Clark, district attorney, and Frank Ackerman, Benjamin Cochrane, Mary Dowden and Madeline Gortner, borough presidents. In this park, small plots of ground have been portioned out to the little farmers, where flowers and vegetables are raised, each farmer being



INAUGURATION SPEECH OF MAYOR KASE

allowed to take home all that is raised on his or her land. Being a farming community, where property and the laws relating to property and the preservation and rights thereof is a matter of paramount importance, the officers were chosen with a special view to that purpose, and the two judges, the district attorney, the clerk of the court, and the commissioner of police are carefully instructed in their duties. Justice, fairness, and the involable sanctity of the rights of others being the watchwords of the municipality, DeWitt Clinton was the first city in the East to extend the right of equal suffrage to women. The girls of the neighborhood, owning quite as many farms as the boys, and being as much interested and as fully alive to the privileges and duties of citizenship, it was considered only fair and right that the vote of the new municipality should be without sex limitations, and that the offices should be equally divided between the boys and the girls. All laws pertaining to the government of the little community are made by the mayor, city council, and borough presidents, at gravely decorous meetings which are held on the first Tuesday of every month, and which are largely and enthusiastically attended.

The Benefits Assured

### The Benefits Assured

In marked contrast to this West Side, rather rural community, where most of the children are American born, and take to farming as a duck takes to water, is Hamilton Fish Park, in the heart of the lower East Side, one of the most densely populated districts of Manhattan, and in a locality which but, a short time ago was the favorite meeting-place of the East Side gangs, the terror of the New York police, and the cradle of the juvenile crime. "The play of the child is the forecast of the man," and in these mimic cities, where the little citizens of many a foreign clime are brought together under the Stars and Stripes, they are learning lessons in good citizenship which will react not only upon their own lives, but in good time to the glory of their country. Citizenship will mean something to these boys, and it is safe to predict that not a lad who voted for the mayor of the "Little Farmers" community or "Playground City" will ever forget to register, to attend the primaries, or to cast his ballot when he reaches his majority and has the right to vote in a larger municipality.



A GAME OF "CAT" IN THE BOYS' PLAYGROUND



DANCING TO HAND-ORGAN MUSIC ON THE GIRLS' SIDE



SEEING NEW YORK:

DRAWN BY CHARLES DAN



THE SKYSCRAPER

ARLES DANA GIBSON



She reappeared, her arm full of the white wreaths

IRAM FENNER dragged himself up on the pillows and fixed his eyes upon the window at the side of the bed. The fields were already a vivid green in patches where the snow had lain, and the swollen brook, touched here and there with foam, showed black through the sparse, shining leaves of the birches and alders that marked its course. The pleasant, hoarse murmur of the water reached his ears, broken from time to time by the impatient call of a calf and the answering low of her mother. A thin column of smoke rose from beyond the brook, drifting over the hillside, now pink with maple buds.

"Rans Creyton's burning a fallow," the sick man muttered, watching the blue wreaths. "I'd ought to clear up my hill lot, an' the north pasture wants breakin' up—it had ought to been done by rights last fall." Moving restlessly in the big four-poster bed, his eyes fell on his outstretched hand; he lifted his arm against the light, stripping back the sleeve, and scanned it closely. It was the strong, knotted arm of a man who had been counted a great worker all the days of his fifty years, but it was thin-now, and shrunken almost to the bone; the fingers were long and pale. He let it fall. "What was the use of planning work with an arm like that? Doctor had said 't wa'n't likely he'd live to see the crops brought in."

A figure moving across the meadow caught his eye; it was his neighbor, Rans Creyton, who had moved from Cohoes two or three years before and bought the adjoining farm. He was a young man, strongly built and quicker in his motions than a farmer born and bred. Instead of leisurely climbing the fence that stood in his way, he put his hands on the top rail and vaulted over, then he hurried on to the Fenner barns, where he had done the heavier work since Hiram had been laid up

The sick man watched him swing past with a pang of envy. A moment later he heard a burst of laughter from the shed that sagged in an irregular line between

where he had done the heavier work since Hiram had been laid up

The sick man watched him swing past with a pang of envy. A moment later he heard a burst of laughter from the shed that sagged in an irregular line between the farmhouse and the barn. Drina must be out there, he thought, fussing with her chickens. "Rans laughs easy," he sighed, "Drina likes to laugh, too. That's the kind of a man she ought to have married—some one that can laugh easy, an' take a four-barred fence as nat'ral as a colt.

"The' ain't any one left in her family to take care of her," he mused, "she's got to marry. They won't let her alone long—not with such a farm in her hand, every stump pulled an' every piece of wet land drained. She'll be like a lamb among the shearers," he muttered, frowning. "Why, she might take that long, lazy, good-for-nothing Jim Sears—he can eenamost talk me off my feet. If the's got to be some one," he groaned, "seems to me, I'd liefer 'twould be a stranger like Rans than some one she'd known all her life. An' Rans is as good as the best."

In his excitement he had pushed down the bedclothes, leaving his gaunt shoulders and long arms uncovered; the chill air struck him and he began to cough. "I'm done for!" he gasped, when, the paroxysm over, he lay back exhausted: "I'm goin' to die. Doctor said I wouldn't live to see the crops brought in—not unless I tried. An' I ain't a-goin' to try. I'm bound to die, an' I guess it's the best thing I can do."

He closed his eyes and lay still, but his thoughts ran on: "Drina's been a good wife," he told himself, "no one could ask for a better—she couldn't help bein' good. But it ain't in nature that she should like me as well as a young man her own age. I don't suppose she'd ever have married me if her gran'ther hadn't wanted it so much—an' he just dyin'. That's what folks said, an' I guess mebbe they was right; I've thought of it a good deal sence. Well, she'll have her chance now. It's only fair. I've took good care of her," he added, after a moment, his throoat swelling

# VICTORY

THE GREAT LIGHT THAT DAWNED ON HIRAM FENNER, WHO, DYING, WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIS WIFE TO ANOTHER MAN

# By HELEN PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

It was alarge, low-ceiled room. In the wide fireplace that almost filled one end, a great back-log glowed fitfully. Katrina van Diemen scorned the stoves that already had put out the light on many hearths; she liked best to hang the kettle and turn the spit as she had learned to do it at her grandmother's elbow in the rambling, ruined, old house that had sheltered her childhood. The broad, low window, with its snow-white curtains and the row of blossoming plants in front, might have looked out on a Rotterdam canal, but Hiram did not know this—to him it was just "Drina's way." The old, blue china ranged on the dresser gave him a pleasant glow; he remembered the day he brought it back from Troy. She had seen it there in a store window, and hung over it fondly because it matched some they used to have at home. He wouldn't let her know how much it cost. Drina was careful, if she was young. And she was never one to sit and fold her hands; every chair and chest in the room, every pot and pan that hung against the wall, shone as if polished. There at the corner of the chimney was her spinning wheel. The Hoosick women had mostly put theirs up in the garret, to moulder there with other outworn household gods. But Drina tossed her head contemptuously at "store yarn," and sat spinning in the long winter evenings by the firelight, as her grandmothers had spun before her.

Her husband seemed to see the little figure in the blue gown. The whir of the wheel mingled with the roaring of the brook. "It's all just as she wanted it," he repeated. "I've took good care of her. An' I'll take care of her yet!" he muttered between his set teeth, "for all I've got to leave her!" He stretched his long arm out of the bed as if reaching forth from some abyss.

The door opened suddenly; a young woman stood on the threshold, outlined against a soft white cloud, just fleeked with green.

"Look at the cherry tree, Hi:am!" she cried, stepping in and throwing the door wide. "It's all come out to-day. Ain't it pretty?"

"Yes," said her husband, "

a blue pitcher from the dresser shelf, "I always did love bloomies!"

A rasping cough shook the sick man; she threw down the flowers and hurried to him. "You're cold!" she declared reproachfully. She drew up the covers, and then dropping to her knees in front of the hearth blew the smouldering fire until it glowed, and fed it with dry branches that crackled as they caught the flame.

"I oughtn't to have stayed out to the barn so long," she went on, "but the red calf was so cunning! Rans was trying to teach her to drink out of the pail. He couldn't make it out; she just bunted him. Did you hear us laughing?" She laughed, recalling it—a low, gurgling laugh.

"Yes, I heard you," said Hiram.

"I guess it'll have to wait for you to get out and see to it," she continued. "The' ain't any one else got your way with dumb beasts. Seems sometimes as if they was lonesome for you, an' was tryin' to ask me why you didn't come." She was hanging the kettle

over the fire, which had burst into riotous blaze and over the fire, which had burst into riotous blaze and cast ruddy gleams on the white curtains, the big bunch of cherry blossoms and Drina's braids of yellow hair. "I'm goin' to make you a cup of tea," she announced. "Is Rans out there still?" her husband asked. "Yes, I guess so; I haven't heard him bring the milk into the shed. Why?" she added.
"I wish't you'd go an' ask him to come in here," he said hoarsely.

"Is Rans out there still?" her husband asked.

"Yes, I guess so; I haven't heard him bring the milk into the shed. Why?" she added.

"I wish't you'd go an' ask him to come in here," he said hoarsely.

She went at once, and, left alone, he began to speak aloud. flinging out his words defiantly as it at some unseen disputant: "I've got to do it?" he contended. "It's best! If I should say anythin' to her first, she'd say no. She wouldn't hear to it. But I won't try to do it behind her back—it wouldn't be fair. An' I've got to do it!" he reiterated. "The' ain't no one else."

He turned his face to the window and watched until Drina and Rans came into sight on the grass-bordered path leading from the barn. She stepped briskly on ahead, in the rosy afterglow of sunset, her blue gown fluttering in the breeze. "She looks like a girl," he thought with a jealous pang. When they reached the bars in the pasture fence Rans took them down, all but the last one; she sprang over lightly and they came on together, side by side.

"He's big," Hiram whispered, watching them. "I wouldn't 'a' wanted her to marry a little whippersnapper"—he measured his own six feet unconsciously—"an' he's strong, an' he can't be more than thirty. He'll likely live a long time." He groaned and turned sharply away from the window, closing his eyes.

He was lying quite still when they came in. "Perhaps he's fell asleep," said his wife, approaching softly. "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

Rans made no answer, but hitched his chair nearer the bed and fixed his narrow, near-set, dark eyes on the sick man. Drina stepped half-way to the fire and stood listening.

"I'm goin' to die," said Hiram slowly.

Rans thought it probable, no doubt, for he made no answer, only shuffled his feet a little on the bare floor and waited. Drina started forward, but meeting her husband's eyes, which seemed to look at her and yet not see her, she sank frightened into the nearest seat and waited. Drina's head drooped and she gave a frightened sob, but Hiram went on i

breath.
"Yes," Rans said,
nodding his head,
"the course could be
changed a little at the changed a little at the bend by the stone wall; the's a fall there." He stopped, but Hiramhad turned from him abruptly, and lay with his eyes fixed on the fast darkening window. He seemed to have ac-cepted the young man's answer as con-



"I'm goin' to die," Hiram repeated, "an' my wife is goin' to be left alone"

sent. Neither of the men had looked at the woman. who seemed withdrawn into a world apart where she sat silent but for an occasional sob that shook her averted shoulders.

"Well," said Rans, at last rising in some embarrassment, "I guess I'd better be goin."

Hiram nodded. "Drina!" he called quickly.

The young man started and cast a searching glance at the woman as she faced her husband.

"Drina," Hiram said, "will you go an' show Rans where I want him to begin to break up the pasture tomorrow? You know where it is."

She made no answer, but rose and led the way. As the door closed on them, Hiram threw up his arms and groaned aloud. "It's 'most more than I can bear," he gasped. "I thought I could, but I dunno as I can." His thick grizzled hair was matted on his temples where the sweat stood in drops; his fingers worked nervously. "He's lookin' at her now to see how he likes her—I see him just now! Lookin' at her." He strained forward, listening. He could hear their voices faintly; they were on the stoop still.

"If he dared!" he thought. "Yes, Drina!" he cried in a hoarse whisper, "I'm comin'!" He half rose and then sank back and turned his face resolutely to the wall. "It's my own doin'," he whispered fiercely, "an', by God, I'll stan' by it!"

Outside Drina stood flushed and wrathful on the lower step of the stoop; the light of the moon just climbing over the hill caught the tears that still trembled on her lashes. Watching her under lowered eyelids. Rans said to himself that she was pretty, prettier than he had ever thought her, but there was no denying that she was in a rage. He reached up for some blossoms of the cherry tree, picked them, and threw them away. "You needn't be so hard on a fellow," he grumbled, "I was only just sayin' what he said," he nodded toward the house.

"Never you mind what he said; you've no right to say what he says," she blazed. "He can say what he likes. He's took care of me all my life—long before grandfather died. I'm his little girl—I guess I'll always be his little girl to h

course, you've got the say so, only you'there."

"He was doin' it for me," she faltered.

"Yes, yes," he broke in, afraid she was going to cry again. "I s'pose you don't want to go an' show me where that piece of pasture is."

"You know well enough where it is," she retorted, "an' you needn't stop to look at the meadow again, either; you'll never have a chance to change the course of that brook!"

"Dang it all! who'd 'a' thought she was such a little vixen? I guess I ain't losin' much," he muttered, walking off briskly, as she turned and went into the house.

house.

It had seemed a long time to Hiram, but he did not look up as she entered. She went to the fire, set one foot on the andirons and stood gazing into the glowing bed of coals. He turned his head stealthily to watch her; the red light caught the little curls that the wind

had blown about her ears and turned them to gold. He had blown about her ears and turned them to gold. He wanted to see her face, and impatience at last overcame his dread of speaking. "Well?" he said paintully, wetting his lips with his tongue, "did Rans look at the south medder to see how the brook runs?" "Yes," she answered, resentment in her voice.



"Oh! can't you understand?" she wailed, breaking down

He frowned, his long arm stiffened as it lay stretched

He frowned, his long arm stiffened as it lay stretched across the bed.

"Of course, he looked at it," he muttered. "The man ain't born that wouldn't like to own that medder; every stump pulled, and the spring a bubblin' up in the midst of the vi'lets an' the strawberry blows—" he paused, smiling vaguely; then he looked at his wife and the smile faded. "He's young and strong," he went on, following his thought; "he's a worker; he can keep it

"You hadn't ought to talk so!" she burst out piteously.

"I thought you'd see how I meant it, Drina," he said, speaking slowly, his emotion wrung from him word by word. "I've allays took as good care of you as I knew how; I ain't been much use for anythin' else, perhaps, an' old feller like me; but I've allays took good care of you, an' seems as if I couldn't leave you 'thout know-in'—how 'twas goin' to be. An' Rans is about the best the' is."

"I don't care!" she broke in, vehemently, her face still averted.

"You don't care?" he questioned anxiously, "don't care about bein' took care of! I don't care about be farm!" and, turning her tear-stained face upon him, she crossed the room and, falling upon her knees beside the bed, buried her head in the folds of the bedclothes.

This was a new Drina; Hiram had never seen her like this. It stirred his blood, yet he went on in the same carefully steadied tone. His hands, stretched rigidly in front of him, trembled a little.

"But you want to see the farm kep' up, Drina," he insisted gently, "an' Rans 'd do it. He comes from the same kind of folks as yours, too; he's a Van Rensselaer on his mother's side. Most every one likes him," he urged.

"They don't like him to the barn," she

mother's side. Most every he urged.
"They don't like him to the barn," she broke in—"Old Sukey, an' Dandy, an' True, —an' I guess they know better than folks, p'rhaps. But, there!" she added scornfully, p'rhaps. But, there!" she added scorniumy, "what's it to me whether every one likes him

or not?"
"P'raps there's some one else you'd like better'n Rans," her husband stammered.
"Speak up, Drina, it's all right. You ain't afraid of me. "Twouldn't be anythin' but nat'ral, the Lord knows!" he added with a

Drina raised her head, and throwing it back looked him straight in the eye. "You hadn't ought to say such things to me, Hiram Fenner!" she flamed, "you haven't any right! Oh! can't you understand?" she wailed, breaking down, "I don't want any one—never! I don't want the farm. Oh, Hiram! Hiram! if you'd only just—" she broke off, caught in a storm of tears.

want the farm. Oh, Hiram! Hiram! if you'd only just—" she broke off, caught in a storm of tears.

"Only just—what?" he whispered, lifting his head and bending forward to catch her words.

"Only just get well!" she panted between her sobs.

"You want me so much? You want me, Drina?" he stammered, his hand crept toward her and touched her timidly. She took it in both hers and laid it under her wet and burning cheek.

"You want me to get well? You won't have no one else!" he cried, his voice rising triumphant. He lifted his arm, clinching his sinewy hand. "You want me to get well, Drina? Then, by the Lord God, I will!"

# SADDLE AND CROUP IN TURKEY HOLLOW

A KENTUCKY FEUD AND HOW IT WAS CONDUCTED BY THE SECOND GENERATION

THE smokiness of Indian summer was on the Kentucky hills encompassing the abiding-place of the Ashlocks. The sun was veiled to a dull red disk sinking over the deadening, where the charred snags covered with vines touched by the frost glowed as again afire. The yellowed foliage of the paw-paw thicket below still retained a fragile hold and hung motionless in the quiet air; the haze seemed to shut in Turkey Hollow from the turmoil of the world and the yellow-hammer's note but proclaimed the peace.

Abel Ashlock, for an hour by sun, had walked up and down the road awaiting an expected rider. To extend his view, he had mounted the high staked-and-ridered worm-fence inclosing the corn patch. Unable to sit still long, he clambered down inside and, to pass the time, selected a promising ear of the corn and, stripping back shuck and dried silk, shelled off a few hardened kernels into his calloused palm. He was the patriarch of Turkey Hollow—harsh-featured, with bristling eyebrows and knobs of cheekbones, across one of which was a sinister furrow, plowed by a bullet from a rifie in the hands of a Toplett.

That particular Toplett had never raised rifle again; but from rifles in the hands of other Topletts of truer aim, three younger Ashlocks had fallen. In a little paled square near the house, the blue-grass sod was thick over three long mounds, sunken now from the years. But grim old Abel kept green the memory of the three tall sleepers there. Truly they had been avenged—not a Toplett was left alive in Turkey Hollow. "We jest naturally wiped them off the face of the earth," the old man explained, with savage composure in voice and manner. "All but that boy Boone, an' he warn't no true Toplett—fur no Toplett yit ever turned his back. He skipped out acrost the river before he could raise a beard, or me or Marce one'd sholy have got him. Us Ashlocks'd got him. Ah, yes, sholy." It was for exercising this exterminating proclivity that Abel Ashlock was "wanted in Cote"—had been wanted, in fact, for several terms thereof: du

# By F. L. Stealey

The sounds of steel-shod hoofs smiting the rocky road came at last from down the bottom. Old Abel climbed the worm-fence and waited by the roadside. An iron-gray horse, gaunt like a greyhound, doubling and undoubling himself with a greyhound's ease, came reaching over the road with a tremendous stride. His rider was a tall young woman, who in her black close-fitting habit sat erect, square-shouldered, almost as a man—no man could have had an easier or a firmer seat. She wore a broad hat of her brother Marcy's, and the undulating sweep of its brim shadowed and softened her features, too irregular for beauty. But the color of a wild-brier rose was in her cheeks, and her hair, loosened by the motion of her horse, rolted down and back over his glossy gray haunches with a glorious silken sweep. An'l now, as she reined up in tront of the old man, she removed her hat to her lap, and, slipping her hickory switch between her lips, lifted both her gloved hands to recoil to its place that brown glory.

"Well, Puss, did you larn anythin'down to the sto'?" asked the old man with impatient abruptness.

"Yes, father. I heard 'em say there was a stranger come in yesterday from the landing, asking all sorts of questions 'bout the folks on the creek, and especially us Ashlocks. They all 'lowed at the store he was a new deputy spying 'round—"

"We'll spy him!" the old man broke in. "I reckon they mought er knowed by this time I ain't never go'n to be tuck into Cote. Marce is off now on the lookout."

He stopped, lifted his head, lifted his hand, as, in steen verification of his words a sebot two hotes.

go'n to be tuck into Cote. Marce is off now on the lookout."

He stopped, lifted his head, lifted his hand, as, in stern verification of his words, a shot, two shots as one, sounded close up the bottom. And looking that way, they saw twin cloudlets of smoke, fifty yards apart, arise, widening and thinning, through the intervening branches of the sycamore trees. A moment more, and a horse, riderless, with bridle reins dangling and stirrups flapping, leaped out from the trees, and, swerving at the cornfield fence, tore straight up out-

side it, and on through the deadening above. He was disappearing over the hilltop when a second horse, a stout-built roan, carrying a two-hundred-pound rider in slouched hat and shirt sleeves, ran out from the trees and dashed up also through the deadening.

"Thar's Marce now!" the old man ejaculated. "Turn back, Marce!" he cried, raising his voice. "He's hid somewhar in the paw-paw thicket behin' yeh. Turn back, boy!" But the rider, unhearing or unheeding, checked not. The old man watched him in vexation until he had disappeared over the hilltop. Then he turned to his daughter:

"I'm go'n ter git my gun, Puss; you ride up beyan the cawn fiel' an' watch the thicket. so's he don't sneak off unbeknownst 'fore I git thar."

He started running for the house on the opposite bank of the creek, footing it across the swaying foot log with surprising swiftness.

Excited by the sight of the running horses, the irongray, restrained by his rider, was rearing and flinging himself about in the road. "Stop that, you Skipper!" she exclaimed, and slashed him on the shoulder with her switch. He shot up in the air, struck near the fence, and with a second bound cleared it and went racing through the cornfield, parting or smashing the stalks before him. Leaping again the outside fence, he ran through the sycamores, and she slowed him up at the edge of the paw-paw thicket beyond. Holding the Skipper in, she started slowly around it, keeping well to the sheltering hillside.

By this time the sun was down, and with the shadow a thicker haze seemed to settle in the hollow; and the smoke of the shots, still lingering, hung before her eyes a veil impenetrable about the thicket. Within it was the stillness of death—its very quiet was a shield that caught all sounds about it and rang them back intensified and redoubled. To her ears, a squadron's tramp was in the crackling of the dead dry leaves struck by the Skipper's impatient hoofs; and the woodpecker drummed from the deadening a very battle alarm. Then, in answer, piercing and lonely,

held her on the hillside, and, with a quicker breath, sne turned and rode in the thicket.

Her eyes were everywhere and they grew distended as, stooping from the saddle, she saw the fallen pawpaw leaves had their golden yellow splotched with a few big red drops, redder even than the sumach leaves alongside. Straightening up, she parted the brush, and, from her vantage in the saddle, looked down and before her. A face, raised cautiously over a fallen log, met her sight—a face with its steadily lifted eyes flashing bright in a pallor from loss of blood.

In an instant she was off her horse and, holding to the reins, stooped over the log. "You must git away. My father'll be here in a minute," she said in a low voice, with a little fluttering in her throat from excitement. "But your father," said the fugitive, looking at her and instantly withdrawing his eyes—"your father surely—"

"My father is Abel Ashlock," she said simply.

Under the stimulant of that name, he got painfully to his feet, and she saw blood was flowing from his shoulder, had reddened his white shirt front and ran down all one side.

"Oh, you're hurt!" she cried. "You're frightfully hurt! You can never walk nor ride."

"Lead your horse up to the log," he said in answer, with a coolness wonderful considering his hurt. "Now your shoulder, please." He stood on the log, leaning heavily on her as she held Skipper by the bit. She knew it required a dreadful effort to get in the saddle, but he accomplished it without a grean, though he turned so white she thought surely he would fall off. She threw her arm about him and steadied him there, as he sat sidewise without stirrups. Then they heard a shout and a powerful voice sang out from the edge of the corn patch: "Puss, I'm comin'! Whar is he?"

"Go 'round on the far side of the thicket, father. I'll ride on round this side." "Pussie sang out in answer, with-

of the corn patch: "Puss, I'm comin': Whar is he?"

"Go 'round on the far side of the thicket, father. I'll ride on round this side." Pussie sang out in answer, without a tremor in her clear high voice. She felt the rider quiver under her arm, but she knew, somehow, it was not from fear. "My pistol fell when he hit me," he said with a petulant pride. "He was mighty quick, or else—"

"Hush — hurry!" she interrupted. "Don't talk about it. It was my brother Marcy."

"I know it," he said, half to her, half to himself.

er Marcy."

"I know it," he said, half to her, half to himself.

Without further words she started, leading Skipper with a shortened rein and turning every little while to watch him and fend off the springing bushes with her upraised arm from his shoulder. Winding thus through the thicket and out of it and along its upper border, they safely got out of sight and hearing of the old man, intent on his search on the further side of the thicket.

"I'm aiming for a cave," she explained, stopping for a moment to rest him before they climbed the hill. "It's not so very far—just where we join on the old Toplett place. They used to say it was theirs, but father always allowed it was ours—but that makes no difference now; there hasn't been a soul there, I reckon, since father used to hide our horses there in time of the war, and you'll be safe there till you can get clear away."

He nodded and they started on once

horses there in time of the war, and you'll be safe there till you can get clear away."

He nodded and they started on once more, slanting up along the hillside through a heavy growth of dog-wood, sassafras and haw bushes, where the gloom of twilight further served to conceal them from the eyes of old Abel below. No path led through this tangle to the cave, or if there ever was a path, it now was overgrown and lost, and half-way up the hill she stopped again.

"I can not find it," she said, looking up at him in some bewilderment. "It is growing so dark. It must be close round here."

"We are too low down. It is higher up, I know," he replied, with a confident knowledge of the locality that would have startled her had she been less absorbed in fear and anxiety. Then he took their direction on himself, and shortly they reached the entrance to one of the caves common in the limestone region.

stone region.

Bushes, branching on either side, screened the narrow entrance so effectively that one must know it well to find it. To her, it seemed simply providential they had found it so easily. Leading in the horse, she stopped short, facing its obscurity. Gradually before her eyes it widened out and a row of rough pole stalls, long dispared arranged themselves down one side, van-

stopped short, facing its obscurity. Gradually before her eyes it widened out and a row of rough pole stalls, long disused, arranged themselves down one side, vanishing in the dark perspective.

In her inspection of the cave, her eyes for the moment had been taken off her charge. She turned to him now and turned too late. She saw his slim figure waver between her and the outside sky; then it slid from the saddle and fell in a shadowy and terrifying heap on the floor of the cave. With a little involuntary cry, she dropped on her knees by him. And when, after a little, he partly got over that faint from grievous anguish and loss of blood, her arm was supporting his head on her breast; her face was between him and the sky opening, and for one long, delicious moment he looked up into that pitying heaven.

Half an hour afterward, Pussie, by the light of the rising moon, rode homeward. Her brother Marcy, emerging from the thicket, met her face to face. "Well, Puss," he exclaimed, "blaimed ef yeh ain't a regular Ashlock! Pap 'lowed yeh'd done gone home.

He's poked off fur the house hisself, an' I reckon we might as well go thar too."

He turned and they rode side by side out from the sycamores. Looking around, he caught a glimpse of her face under her jauntily tilted hat.

"Why, Puss!" he cried, stopping her horse as well as his own, with an outstretched hand—Marcy as a brother than the stopping her horse as well as his own, with an outstretched hand—Marcy as a brother than the stopping her horse as a brother with the stopping her horse as a brother than the stopping her horse as a brother with the stopping her horse the stopping h

his own, with an outstretched hand—Marcy as a brother was tender and true—"what's the matter, sis? Yeh look mighty peaked."
"Oh, shucks! there's nothing the matter, Marce," Puss

"Oh, shucks! there's nothing the matter, Marce," Puss replied, and urged on the Skipper. As she passed him, Marcy cried out again:
"I say, Puss, yeh've lost yo' saddle blanket! What a ride yeh must er took! An' that Skipper er yourn's fresh as if he'd jes lef' the stable! Hold him in, sis. Lawd! ef I'd er been on that hawse, I'd er got him this evenin'. But yeh jest wait—we'll git him termorrer er nex' day—we're shore ter git him."
"Yes, Marce?" said Miss Pussie, and, lifting the Skipper's head, led the way home.

"Yes, Marce?" said Miss Pussie, and, lifting the Skip-per's head, led the way home.

In the morning the search was renewed. Marcy, fal-con-faced, hovered like a hawk about the thickets and flew from covert to covert in quick impa-tience. He struck on sight—his daring eyes dis-dained to track; or if they did, the well-known hoof-prints of the Skipper told nothing of the bloody burden he hed becape. burden he had borne

Pussie was alert and cautious. No wood-pigeon fly-ing to her nest could have thrown off a hawk with



"An Ashlock gave you yo' life," she said with a proud air. "Is this yo' gratitude?"

greater wile than she now threw Marcy at fault while she daily smuggled food to the fugitive and dressed his

she daily smuggled food to the fugitive and dressed his wound.

It was healing and he was able to steal out in the soft and odorous air of the hills. And as yet she knew him only as the deputy, for of himself he told her nothing. He simply listened, with the privilege of convalesence, to all she herself had to tell, and with speaking eyes and speaking cheeks surely she told enough.

enough.

Shy eyes, swiftly-suffusing cheeks, surely by no right could these belong to equipoised Puss. Marcy's eyes were at times fixed on her with a look that made her heart flutter.

It was at sundown one afternoon that Pussie, belated in starting to ride for the cows browsing belled in the timber, climbed the stile-block and stood there startled at beholding the Skipper emerge from the barn with Marcy's saddle on and Marcy holding his head.

Regardless of Pussie's indignant gaze, Marcy led the horse up carelessly near the block and flung the reins over his head in readiness to mount.

"Yeh can go back inter the house, sis," he said, holding the horse by one rein and glancing up at her. "I'm gon' for the cows from this time on—an' the Skipper needs exercisin', I reckon. An' say, Puss, I've got some news fur yeh—I heerd he's hid yit somewhere clost."

To save herself, to even save him, she could not keep from starting. Marcy's hawk eyes were on her, as he went on: "Yes, sis, I reckon he is. An' I've found out jest who he is and what he's after—an' I tell yeh, sis, It was at sundown one afternoon that Pussie, belated

I'm bound ter git him!" At that she looked at him with cheeks that told tales, but with eyes as steady as his own. "Thunderation! you've got him hid!" he burst out. "An' ter think till to-day I never dared to spicion yeh!" For the first time in her life, Marcy's black brows were bent on her in anger. Involuntarily he made a step toward her, quitting his hold on the rein, and the restive Skipper shot forward, passing the block.

As quick herself as the nervous thoroughbred, Pussie sprang and was seated securely sidewise in the saddle

As quick herself as the nervous thoroughbred, Pussie sprang and was seated securely sidewise in the saddle when Marcy, recovering from surprise, clutched vainly at the swerving horse.

"Stop!" he thundered; but Pussie's answer was to send the Skipper darting through the open front gate. It was out at last, and she was not sorry. Courage was natural to her, but concealment, never. As the Skipper bounded off, she removed her hat and waved it at him, looking back with that old sauciness in her face that had dared him to many a friendly race.

She saw him run to the barn and realized it would take him several minutes to bridle and saddle the roan. But he was sure to follow. Then up the road the Skipper sped, swung around the corner of the worm-fence, and cut straight across country, leaping the spring branch, clearing the fallen logs and stumps, and bursting through the brush of the deadening, while over the opposite hilltop the full moon swung up to light the way through the falling night. What with her start and the Skipper's reckless course the opening of the cave arose before her as Marcy in chase tore out the front gate into the road.

Checking the Skipper, she lowered

into the road.

checking the Skipper, she lowered her head and rode through the narrow portal, and leaped down before the fugitive, as, aroused by her coming, he stood awaiting her.

"You must ride to the river!" she cried breathlessly, and began to tighten the girth of the saddle, blessing Marcy in her heart for his unconscious aid in putting it on the Skipper. "Marce knows you're here—he's comin' now behind me—there ain't a minute to lose!"

Let him come!" he answered.

"Let him come!" he answered. "I could hold this cave against a dozen Ashlocks!" He flourished a stout hickory stick in his hand and, advancing to the opening, stood in the moonlight, the picture of pale defiance.

She drew the reins over her arm and stood facing him, her eyes almost on a level with his own. "An Ashlock gave you yo' life." she said with a proud air. "Is this yo' gratitude?"

He let the stick fall and put his unhart arm around her. "Ah, Pussie, I'm more than grateful," he said. "And to prove it to you, I will rum—but I will not run alone!" He strained her to him until she cried: "Oh, don't, don't, yo' pore shoulder!" Then he released her and added: "But before you decide, I must tell you—I am no deputy come here to take your father into court—Pussie, I am Boone Toplett."

He felt, rather than saw, her shocked face. He stood aloof. But her arms were about him in an instant and her cheek was close against his, as she whispered, "And for me you will go, Boone?"

She was away before he could grasp her and was leading the horse outside.

She was away before he could grasp her and was leading the horse outside. She held the Skipper while he mounted from the vantage of the hill, but once he had got his seat, and his hands on the reins, he turned and smote the Skipper's loin with a sounding hand, and she knew from his movement he, too, was a rider. "Pussie," he said, "if the Skipper runs to the river to-night, he carries double," and again he struck the plunging Skipper's loin to mark her place.

She had not intended it that way, but when it came to seeing him go,

the plunging Skipper's loin to mark her place.

She had not intended it that way, but when it came to seeing him go, before she knew it, she sat behind him on the croup. As they rode out in a little opening, fair in the moonlight, a shout from below greeted them, and looking down they could distinguish Marcy tearing up through the brush on his roan. The last of the Topletts was silent, glancing down on his ancient enemy, and it was Pussie's little clinched gauntlet that was upraised and Pussie's saucy voice that sang out a challenge to the moonlight race to the river.

A moment and Marcy was lost to sight as the Skipper was off up the hill and over its crest. Plunging down the steep slope beyond, Pussie's arms were about Boone, her breast a soft and sure support for his shoulder, that she realized must pain him sorely from the motion, easy as was the Skipper's stride.

Pussie knew every path. It was her hand that, unclasping now and then from its fellow about Boone, reached out and touched lightly a rein to guide the gray. And always, before they were clasped again, her hands went with a little loving pressure to that shoulder, as she asked, "Does it hurt much, Boone" And always she got the same reply, "Not a particle, Pussie!" Leaping up hill, they gained; plunging down, they lost; for then must Pussie's hand reach for the reins and hold in the Skipper to save that poor shoulder from the downward shock.

The Toplett blood gave Boone indomitable will to fight off that faintness sorely growing with each successive slope. The blood of Old Gray Eagle gave the Skipper matchless bottom to carry at racing speed his double burden up hill and down with the tireless preci-

sion of an engine; smoke-like his breath blew from his bursting nostrils, and a steam arose from him, with a pungent smell, overpowering the dewy odors of the

pungent smell, overpowering the dewy odors of the woodland.

Five miles of that rough riding along bridle paths and briery lanes, and they shot out into the big road, that, dry and dusty, gleaming white in the moonlight, with zigzag black borders of shadowy worm-fence, wound and twisted through the hills down to the landing. If only the boat be not gone!

A shout from behind told them Marcy was gaining. Pussie looked back and saw the pistol, held ready in his hand, glisten in the moonlight. A wild exhilaration ran over her, knowing that he dared not fire now through the shield of her body.

She drew off her gauntlet, and with it slapped the Skipper's flank. Marcy and the roan vanished in the cloud of dust that flew up from his pounding hoofs. Tirelessly they pounded out the dusty miles till the hills opened, and then as tirelessly they pounded out the last, long, rocky one down the interminable valley slope, and Pussie saw the silver sheet of the Ohio, and, beyond, the faint dark shore line whereon was safety. Hidden under the hill, the landing came last in view. There, sight for Pussie's eyes, lay the Shallcross, her boiler fires going and pitchy smoke rolling from her stacks, all ready to depart. Pussie's gauntlet slapped the Skipper triumphantly—they could distance Marcy yet. yet. Then, to her dismay, the boat's bellowing whistle

awoke the hills, and was followed by the rumble of the gangplank being hauled in, and the churning of the water under the turning wheels. Then for the first time she felt Boone leaning back on her, and, looking around in his face, saw it growing whiter in the moonlight. His strength was going, the boat was leaving. A cry rang from her and was answered by a yell of triumph from Marcy, bent forward on the straining roan—red-roan now from rowelling from flank to shoulder.

The bow of the *Shallcross* swung out, and a chorus of startled cries came from the excitable black roustabouts, gathered aft on the lower deck, as they saw the chase.

the chase.

The captain, hearing the uproar, ran down from the pilot house and, leaning over the upper guard rail, shouted down, "Below there! What's wrong?" Pussie was close enough now to hear the rasping notes of the mate, though she could not distinguish his words, as he answered, "It's a runaway couple on shore, sir, racin' for the landin'."

"Stand by with the plank to take 'em aboard!" the captain commanded and ran back to the pilot house. Immediately the gong in the engine-room clanged and with instant reversal of the splashing wheels, the Shallcross, alive with gallantry from stem to stern, lost headway and slowly swung back.

"Ready there with the plank!" Pussie was near enough to hear the roar of the mate to the double row of willing deck hands, heaving up the plank in readiness to run it out the instant the boat touched

readiness to run it out the instant the boat touched the landing.

But Pussie, with that exultant yell of Marcy's sounding in her ears, dared not wait. Boone's arms hung limply, the reins were wholly in her hands now, and as the Skipper's pounding hoofs smote the planks of the landing, she lifted his head; he rose, shot over a rod of swirling water, clearing the gunwale by a foot to spare, and struck like a thunderbolt on the quivering deet.

deck.
Pussie's feeling found vent vicariously in the shout
that from mate and deck hands rolled up exuitant
and drowned the clanging gong. The water churned
under the answering wheels and off the willing
Shalteross swung. Marcy, spurring up, threw his
horse on his haunches on the landing, and looked
vengeance over forty feet of foaming water, rapidly
widening.

vengeance over forty feet of foaming water, rapidly widening.

For a moment, Pussie, with a rush of tenderness over their broken fellowship, saw him sit there motion-less. Then his stately figure arose in his stirrups, his right arm was whirled about his head, and a twrling object flew from his hand and struck far out on the broad river; following it with her eyes, Pussie saw for one brief instant the ivory stock of his pistol flash white in the moonlight, ere it vanished forever in the closing waters.



### THE DEBT THE LAWLESS OF

T is a curious paradox of history that the law often owes more to those who have defied it than to its appointed guardians.

Doubt is the first step to a larger faith.

Denial is the beginning of larger affirmation, and the traitor of to-day becomes the hero and lawgiver of to progress.

Nearly all of the men to whom we owe the progress of the world were executed as criminals by the official guardians of society.

Crime is a relative term.

guardians of society.

Crime is a relative term.

Real law is the crystallized expression of the organized virtue of the people. It can never be more than the embodiment of the total experience of the race, at the time, in its search for the secret of self-preservation. The first tendency of law when thus embodied is to become feminine—that is, to solidify into forms which shall bind the bodies and the souls of the unborn.

This tendency brings inevitable conflict with the masculine principle of progress.

When the published formulas of law have been outgrown by the race, or its forms for any reason have been perverted so that they no longer are the expression of the organized virtue of a people, it becomes necessary to break the law in order to keep it.

The inventor of the telescope was punished as a common malefactor.

mon malefactor.

### What the Fire Chief Did

Bruno, the pioneer philosopher and thinker of the modern world, was burned to death.

George Washington was a traitor to George Ill, but his treason won and Washington has been can-

but his treason won and Washington has been canonized.

It is often necessary for those to whom law and order are dearest to join the ranks of the lawless, that, in the death of the law. Law may live.

Some years ago the Chief of the Fire Department of Chicago, dressed in citizen's clothes, was attending the funeral of a friend. The clergyman was praying beside the open grave, with every head bared and reverently bowed. The Chief suddenly received the impression of danger as from some mysterious call of the soul. In obedience to a resistless impulse he raised his head and looked toward the city, to find the skyline lurid with smoke and flame. From the locality of the fire, its headway, and the direction of the wind, his trained eye saw a second baptism of ashes and death for the great gray city of the West. In violation of every form of decency he sprang through the crowd of mourning friends like a madman, and ran to the long line of carriages. At the head of the line stood a pair of magnificent horses attached to a landau. A driver in livery sat on the box.

nificent horses attached to a landau. A driver in livery sat on the box.

The Chief rushed up to this driver, exclaiming: "My man, I'm the Chief of the Fire Department. I must reach that fire quickly. The city is threatened with ruin. You have a fine pair of horses—kill them if necessary, but get me there in fifteen minutes."

"This is a private carriage," was the sneering answer.

answer.

"I didn't ask you whose carriage it was," thundered the Chief. "I said to take me to that fire in fifteen minutes—will you do it?"

"I will not," snapped the driver.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the Chief sprang on the seat, his big fist suddenly shot from his shoulder, the driver dropped wriggling on the grass, and in a moment his pair of horses, lashed

# By THOMAS DIXON, JR.

into fury, were dashing through the streets of Chicago. Mistaking him for a madman, policemen tried in vain to stop the carriage. Within fifteen minutes he reached the scene and gave the orders which saved the city.

cago. Mistaking film for a mannar, processor in vain to stop the carriage. Within fifteen minutes he reached the scene and gave the orders which saved the city.

The act was a violation of law. And yet for doing it Chicago has built a monument to this man.

When our fathers got excited about the tax on tea they did things. They jumped on other people's ships, grabbed tea that did not belong to them, and dumped it into the sea. When they finished the job, they climbed upon the shore, rolled up their sleeves, and said: "If anybody on this side of the ocean or other side don't like the way we hardle tea let them come on."

This was a violation of law. It was a high-handed outrage. When Benjamin Franklin, our European diplomat, heard of it, he gravely informed the court that it was a lie, that no such thing ever happened in Boston Harbor, that he knew the people of Boston, that no such crime could have been committed by them. He soothed the indignation of the court with the assurance that the next ship would bring news of the affair on which they might rely. The next ship did bring news. It was from Bunker Hill. Our fathers broke the law and wrote a better one. They were prophets, not parrots; men, not martinets. They did not talk about their ancestors—they were ancestors. I have been accused of celebrating in my last novel, "The Clansman," the glory of a group of daring and successful criminals. I plead guilty to the soft impeachment of my Boston critics. It is true.

The Ku Klux Klan was a gigantic conspiracy of lawless night raiders who saved the civilization of the South and bequeathed it a priceless heritage to the nation.

The conditions which made this paradox possible

nation.

The conditions which made this paradox possible have had no parallel in the story of the race. The bloodiest war in history had just closed. The conquered South lay helpless amid her rags and ashes, with the flower of her manhood buried in nameless

graves.

Four million negroes had been suddenly freed and the economic world torn from the foundations of centuries. Five billion dollars' worth of property had been destroyed, every bank had been closed, every dollar of money had become worthless paper, and the country had been plundered by victorious

### The Madness of Thaddeus Stevens

With the sympathetic aid even of their foes, the task of reorganizing their wrecked society and controlling these millions of ignorant and superstitious negroes was one to appall the stoutest hearts.

Instead of the co-operation of a generous conqueror, the helpless South, as she staggered to her feet, received full in the face a blow of vengeance so terrible, so cruel, and so pitiless that it surpasses belief.

Such a blow on a disarmed foe could never have been struck but for the tragedy of Lincoln's assassination and the frenzy of insane passion, which for the moment blinded the North.

Upon the assassination of the President, the greatest and meanest man who ever dominated our national life became the dictator of the Republic.

This man, Thaddeus Stevens, was beyond any doubt the most powerful Parliamentary leader in our history. A fanatic, a m'santhrope imbittered by physical deformity, a born revolutionist endowed with the audacity of the devil, he became in a moment the bold and unscrupulous master of a crazed nation.

ment the bold and unscrupulous master of a crazed nation.

Twenty-eight years before this crisis he had become infatuated with a mulatto woman of extraordinary animal beauty, whom he had separated from her husband. This yellow vampire fattened on him during his public career, amassed a fortune in real estate in Washington, wrecked his great ambitions, and made of him a social pariah. A giant among men, whose young soul had learned the pathway of the stars, his cheeks now whitening with the frosts of death, he was slowly sinking with this woman into the night of negroid animalism.

The muffled crack of a derringer in the box at Ford's Theatre, and the hand of a madman, suddenly snatched him from the grave and lifted him into the seat of empire, with his negro wench by his side.

Mr. Stevens determined to blot the old South from the map, confiscate the property of its citizens, give it to the negroes, deprive the whites of the ballot, send their leaders into beggared exile, enfranchise the negro, and make him the master of every State from the James to the Rio Grande.

### Negro Domination Threatened

If this statement seems an exaggeration, turn to the "Congressional Globe" for 1867, page 203, and read Mr. Stevens' Confiscation Act, House Bill No. 20, and his speech in its defence—a speech which lights with the glare of immortal infamy his whole character and

Gareer.

He succeeded in enfranchising the negroes and dis-franchising enough whites to give them a majority.

He placed a ballot in the hand of every negro and a bayonet at the breast of every white man. He organ-ized the negroes into oath-bound secret societies, known as "Union Leagues," in which they were drilled in insolence and crime, and taught to hate their former masters, over whom they were promised unlimited dominion.

His military satraps nailed to the courthouse doors every county proclamations of equality, and promised ayonets to enforce the intermarriage of whites and

acks. A reign of terror immediately followed. The men who represented Aryan civilization had take their choice between rebellion and annihi-

to take their choice between repetition and annihilation.

At this moment in South Carolina eighty thousand armed negro troops, answerable to no authority save the savage instincts of their black officers, terrorized the State, and not a single white man was allowed to bear arms. Hordes of former slaves, with the intelligence of children, and the instincts of savages, armed with modern rifles, paraded daily before their former masters. The children of the breed of Burns and Shakespeare, Drake and Raleigh, had been made subject to the spawn of an African jungle. When Goth and Vandal overran Rome and blew out the light of ancient civilization, they never dreamed the leprous infamy of raising the black slave, a thick-lipped, flat-nosed, spindle-shanked negro, to rule over his white master and lay his claws upon his daughter.

(Continued on page 23.)

# 4600 Years Ago

is as far back as history traces the use of wheat for food—

And in all this time nothing has been found that so fully and satisfactorily supplies the physical wants of man—

And in all this time no other article of food has so perfectly developed in exact proportion the life-giving elements of wheat as the soda cracker—

And in all this time no soda cracker has ever been made so carefully, so accurately, so uniformly good as—



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

(Continued from page 21)

Could modern flesh and blood endure it?

No. The Spirit of the South suddenly leaped forth, "half startled at herself, her feet upon the ashes and the rags, her hands tight gripped upon the throat" of tyrant, thief, and beast.

The Ku Klux Klan, a secret oath-bound brotherhood, rose in a night, disarmed every negro and restored civilization. The secret weapon with which they struck was the only one at their command, and it was the most terrible and efficient in the history of revolution. The movements of these white and scarlet horsemen were like clockwork. They struck shrouded in a mantle of darkness and terror, and they struck to kill. Discovery or retaliation was impossible. Their edicts were executed as by destiny without a word, save the whistle of their Night Hawk, the crack of his revolver, and the hoof-beat of swift horses, moving like figures in a dream, and vanishing in mists and shadows.

and shadows.

The Southern people in their despair had developed the courage of the lion, the cunning of the fox, and the deathless faith of religious enthusiasts.

With magnificent audacity, infinite patience, and remorseless zeal a conquered people now turned his own weapon against their conqueror, and beat his brains out with the bludgeon he had placed in the hands of their former

slaves.

And so a lawless band of night raiders became the sole guardians of society, brought order out of chaos, law out of lawlessness, and preserved our race in America from extinction at last in negroid mongrelism. Had the South in that crisis become mulatto, the nation would inevitably have sunk to its level.

The future of this nation depends on the strength and purity of our white racial stock; for this Republic is great, not by reason of the amount of dirt we hold or the size of our census roll. We have become great for one reason only—because of the genius of the breed of pioneer freemen who settled this continent, dared the might of kings, and made a wilderness the home of freedom.

8 8 8

# A WOMAN LAUGHS LAST

THE BOSS'S BATTLE WITH A GREEN WIG By GORDON WILSON

THE Assistant Auditor of Overdue Water Tax Collections and the Deputy Inspector of Paving Materials were sitting in Reagan's office. Reagan—Pie Line Reagan, Commissioner of Street Railways—had called them thither for a council of war, for an Independent candidate of threatening strength had sprungup in the ward where the three held forth. The fate of the nervy Independent had been worked out to a beautiful finish, and now the Boss leaned back in his swinging chair, listening with a complacent smile to the words of applause that struggled through his cocoon of yellowish-blue cigar smoke.

the words of applause that struggled through his cocoon of yellowish-blue cigar smoke.

"Gee, but dat's a pippin of a scheme!" exclaimed the Deputy Inspector. "Who learned you how to do it?"

"Twas born in him," said Kelley of the Water Office. "Jawn, ye're too big a mon fer Chicago—phwy don't ye go into national pollytics?"

"I don't own no newspapers," the leader said.

"Yes, but ain't you th' lad wid th' foine head—"

"An' that's another reason why I shud kape out," he replied.

"Whist!" said Kelley: "Yez can outwit an' out-schame anny wan in pollytics to-day—"

"Yes, an' out of 'em," the D. I. added.

"That's where ye lose, Jerry," rejoined Reagan, "fer wance on a time I was done up so bad that I haven't forgot it yet. 'What was his name?' d'ye say? Faith, it wasn't a man at all, but a woman. 'A peach,' did ye say? She was all o' that; but wait till I tell ye how she done us up, me an' me partner, an' filled four aces agin' th' r'yal flush we thought we was holdin' ourselves.

"'Twas th' year afther th' World's Fair that I picked up little Otto Brunkmayer. Otto was a German lad who had a patent hair dope an' dandruff exterminator that would make a fortune fer a man av he could get it on th' market wanst. Why, on th' dead, that stuff would 'a' grown whiskers on a marble statue av ye only followed th' directions on th' bottle; but th' throuble was that nobody except Otto an' me knew it. I knew it was good, an' he knew it was good; but th' people wid bald heads an' dollar bills didn't seem to catch on to th' fact. We was talkin' it over wan day, and he sized th' situation up like this:

"Th' throuble is,' he says, 'th' throuble is that we ain't got no reputation.

People don't know who er what we is, an' they is afraid to tackle our proposi-

on to th' fact. We was talkin' it over wan day, and he sized th' situation up like this:

"'Th' throuble is,' he says, 'th' throuble is that we ain't got no reputation. People don't know who er what we is, an' they is afraid to tackle our proposition. What we wants is a bunch av testaments from people what has used th' Asiatic Antydote, an' then th' rest av th' public will be a bunch av come-ons, an' our easy meat,' he says.

"'Well,' says I, 'av it's tistimonials ye want, pass me a pad av paper an' loan me th' lend av yer knife till I sharpen me pencil."

"That won't do,' says Otto.

"Wait a while an' see,' says I; so all that day I done nothin' but write tistimonials. First av all, I would be a society leader av Spokane, writin' a recommend that was published all over th' Noo England States; then I would write up a note or two from Fift' Avenoo an' Broadway, to be used on th' Pacific Coast. I tell you, they was beauties them testaments, an' proud I was to be th' author av them.

"But Otto was leary. He was afraid that some wan would call our little bluff, an', even when we begun to get ordhers fer a dozen cases av th' dope at wanst, he used to thrimble agin' th' day when some wan would find out that th' letters av recommendation all come from th' same place, an' that place our office.

th' letters av recommendation all come from the same place, and that place defined.

"It happened that about that time th' head acthress av wan av th' stock companies in town was throubled wid her hair. I see be th' papers that she was goin' to retire fer a month er two an' do nothin' but take care av it, as it was comin' out in a way that was awful. Thinks I, here's a chanst to see what th' Asiatic Antydote really will do, so I sends Otto hotfoot down to th' little counthry town where th' acthress lady was hangin' out. We had it all fixed up that he was to have her thry th' dope an', av it worked all right, to git a recommend that would fix us forevermore.

"Well, you'll hardly belave it, but inside av a month she was back in town, lookin' prettier than ever, an' wid a head o' hair that couldn't be beat annywhere. An' th' day afther she starts to work, little Otto comes into th' office wid a nasty look, that I'd never seen before, in th' off corner av his eye. As soon as he sees me, he says, 'Have ye seen her hair?' says he.

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Extracts from the Report of the Inspection by the War Department for 1905 of any bit is described as a mistary. Wat Butle and should mean be found a plead and only a second or the second of the

The school can beit be described as a ministeric West Point and should measure be found and school sutherities be believed to expose an expose a relation of the Man ver to look to be related. If West Point should be sounded 100 in evidence of military training the sixth John's 15 or stated 80. Codets are perfect to set up and even show to few cases what is often seen as West Point, an excess of brace. The conducted military point is little if at all all shade of 85. John's in the outriers and development of tree military spirit. Few if any engineering the comparison of regular troops would have an advantage of St. John's in comparison of appearance at inspection. The average was would be made average volunteer insuinant. We should be lockly bedied to it as their common convolunteer and except the state of the state of the comparison of appearance at inspection.

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# A WOMAN LAUGHS LAST

(Continued from page 23)

"'I have that, an' it's th' talk av th' town,' I says. 'Did ye get th' tisti-

"'I have that, an' it's th' talk av th' town,' I says. 'Did ye get th' tistimonial?'

"He sort o' hesitated an' drew a breath or two before he spoke; an' then he says he will have it all right before th' end av th' week. An' sure enough, before a week was over, he comes into th' office wid a beautiful affydavit, all signed an' sworn to regular as could be, tellin' how th' acthress lady had used th' Asiatic Antydote fer two weeks, an' had a beautiful head av hair ever since.

"Faith, I hardly waited to shake Otto be th' hand, I was that impatient to get away to th' printers an' advertisin' agents wid th' affydavit. Every cent that Otto an' me could scrape up in th' wide worrld was spent fer spreadin' reproductions av that affydavit, an', before a week was over, I'll bet there wasn't a man, woman, or child in th' counthry what didn't know that Madame—niver mind her name—was grateful to th' Asiatic Antydote fer a new head o' hair. Our ad was everywhere an' was doin' good work, fer it used to make us dizzy watchin' th' money an' ordhers roll into th' office.

"Them was busy days, all right. Otto was workin' night shifts turnin' out th' dope, an' I was out on th' road, obligin' people be acceptin' their ordhers fer wan hundred cases, immedjiate delivery. My, but it was fun to sell that stuff! They was crazy to get it, fer everywan knew that th' lady had been losin' her hair; an' th' before an' afther picters we published along o' th' affydavit cinched things fer us. A drummer—faith, I was a ministher penitentiary! I was gettin' that chesty that, av I hadn't been so fond av thravelin', I would 'a' made th' trade come to Chicago wid their ordhers, instead av me goin' afther 'em.

"An' then I got a bump. I had been workin' me way through th' South

goin' afther 'em.

"An' then I got a bump. I had been workin' me way through th' South
an' Southwest, an' sthruck San Francisco as a wind-up. Th' first wholesale
house I hit had already placed carload ordhers wid us, an' I pranced in like

a race-horse.
"'How many cases av th' Asiatic Antydote d'ye want?' I says to th'

house I hit had already placed carload ordhers wid us, an' I pranced in like a race-horse.

"How many cases av th' Asiatic Antydote d'ye want?" I says to th' buyer.

"Idon't want none av it,' says he.

"Ye're mistaken,' says I.

"It's no good,' he says, 'it turns people's hair green.'

"Oho!" I says. "Ye're drunk,' says I. 'I'll come around to-morry mornin', when ye're sober, an' get yer ordher.'

"An' wid that, he turns loose an' miscalls me wid every dhirty name on th' list. I gathered from his conversation that I was a thafe, a swindler an' a con man—to say nothin' av a few more things that made his stenographer lave th' room like a bullet. Av coorse, I wasn't standin' for his language at all, an' early in th' game I starts to take a poke at him; but th' son-of-a-gun fishes a gatling from a pigeonhole an' continued his discourse while coverin' me wid th' gun. An', as a wind-up, he slings a bunch av newspapers at me.

"'Read them,' he says. 'That dope o' yours is th' only fake this house has handled in thirty-foive years. See what it's done.'

"But I was payin' no attintion to him, fer th' headlines on th' first page had me hypnitized. An' as I read, I could feel meself gettin' cold an' blue all over, fer it told how our acthress lady's hair had been gradually turnin' pale, an' was now assoomin' a decided green color, an' it wint on t' tell how she had been usin' our dope, an' how she blamed it fer all th' harm that was done.

"Was I paraloised! Why, I didn't have th' gumption to kick th' office boy that laughed at me while he showed me th' door. I took th' first train fer Chicago, an' the newspapers I bought along th' way showed me that th' news had spread all over th' counthry an' that th' name av th' Antydote was Mud. I could see that our goose was cooked to—to a stan'still. When I got to th' office, it was closed; an', sittin' on a chair in front av th' door was young Clancy that I had got a job as constable six months before. He told me th' whole story—how th' news reports had queered th' business an' th

there all so beautiful except fer her hair, which was a reg'lar Pathrick's Day green be this time, that she sort o' give in, an' she starts t' talk somewhat afther this fashion:

"'I ain't goin' to ask ye t' kape what I say a secret, 'she says, 'fer it will be you to th' pen annyhow av ye squeal'—or, at least, that is what she neant to say, an' then she tells me how that little divil Otto had docthored her hair wid th' Antydote, but it hadn't done no good—her hair fallin' out as bad as before. An' when he sees th' Antydote isn't doin' no good, whatever does he do but advise her to git a wig. She finally concludes it is th' only thing to do, so wid Otto's help she has a peach of a wig made. Then she come back to Chicago an' started in to work agin, fer her husband was dead an' she had a lad at school in th' East. But no sooner was she started than that little Dutch partner of mine corres around wid a song an' dance about how it would queer her forever av it was known that she was wearing a wig, an' wid this an' wid that he regularly blackmails her into givin' him an affydavit that sounded as if th' dope had cured her hair.

"Then our advertisin' campaign started, an' th' first thing she knows, th' manager av th' theayter she worked at was kickin' about th' notoriety we was givin' her, an' hinted that he couldn't afford t' carry a patent medicine ad fer a leadin' lady. So she wint an' begged Otto to stop usin' th' affydavit, but th' little baste was not gintleman enough to let go av a good thing like that, even when a lady was bein' inconvenienced; an' pretty soon she lost her job. Av coorse, she soon got another job in a cheaper theayter, but she made up her mind t' get even wid us fer th' dhirty trick Otto had played.

"'An' ye did get even,' I says to her, 'fer we're busted; but I'm dead anxious to know how ye done it."

"'Well,' says she, 'seein' that ye reaped all th' advantages av th' first wig I wore, I thought I would let ye harvest th' disadvantages av these,' an' wid that she opens a closet an' showed m

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OVERNMENT POSITIONS

# The Thought of the Nation

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### THE RETURN TO COLLEGE

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

With the opening of the academic year this week all college women will find an interesting suggestion in Mrs. Spofford's comments on woman's expression of college spir

T is to be hoped that the reopening of the college year to women will not be marked by the foolish frolics which have so long disgraced the colleges attended by men. For nothing can be more contradictory to any idea of womanliness than any form of hazing.

Surely some better way of expressing the pleasure of reunion may be found; and, if it is necessary to start on a career of study with such expression, may it be found son!

Surely some better way of expressing the pleasure of reunion may be found; and, if it is necessary to start on a career of study with such expression, may it be found soon!

Fortunately, the custom of hazing is not known in all of the colleges for women; and it is in others, when set beside the practices in the colleges for men, comparatively innocuous. The hazing in the latter institutions, resulting, it is said, in death in this instance, and in crippling of limbs or nerves in that, is without doubt a residuum of the savage element that once delighted in torment and was able to appreciate none but selfish suffering. So long as a single one of our institutions of learning fails to abolish the custom of hazing in any degree whatever, we can have nothing to say to the "Thumbs down" of the Roman, nothing to the bull-fight of the Spaniard.

They who see anything enjoyable in the fright or misery of another are, in so far; merely brutal; and the general contention is that the work of college life is meant to eliminate the brute and carry the opposite entity to its highest power. Certainly an amusement that is inconsiderate, silly, and cruel has nothing to do with any such differentiation of quality, but tends distinctly to degradation. "The growth of what has been called the sense of social compunction is, on the whole, a hopeful feature of our civilization," says Bosanquet, and the growing dislike of hazing—so evident that the practice has been in recent years a subject for Congressional investigation—is one form of social compunction.

Hospitality is an ancient virtue. Such food, such shelter as our ancestors had, belonged to the stranger that asked for it, help, and forwarding, and all further kindness. It is strange their descendants should degenerate in this so pleasant habit. Surely hospitality is as much a virtue in the college as in the home; the person just entering there, young man or young woman, is a stranger within the gates, not to be made the but of stupid fun, or the object of vulgar cruelty. In som

# THE UNITED STATES AND THE NORTH POLE

By Robert E. Peary

Just before sailing for the Arctic Circle Commander Peary sent to Collier's this esti-mate of the value of his project which he desired us to convey to the American people

Just before sailing for the Arctic Circle Commander Peary sent to Collier's this estimate of the value of his project which he desired us to convey to the American people

THE meaning of the Discovery of the North Pole to the United States is two-fold, scientific and moral. In science it means valueble additions to geographic knowledge. It means the possibility (in the minds of reputable scientists even the \*probability\*) of lifting a new land, with a new fauna and flora, out of the "terra incognita" that now surrounds the Pole. It means opening up the secrets and revealing the economics of an area of some 3,000,000 square miles which stands to-day as a challenge and reproach to us. It means an opportunity for observations of refinement with the pendulum, to determine the precise figure of the earth; and in the fields of magnetism and meteorology to permit a clearer definition and more precise application of the laws of those sciences. It means the cognizance of the general hydrographic features of the now unknown central polar basin. It means enriching our studies and museums with data and collections in zoology, geology, and physics.

The Discovery of the North Pole means to the United States national prestige. Nansen's expedition, fitted out by his king, his parliament, and wealthy private citizens, impressed the world with the material which makes up the descendants of the Vikings. Abruzzi's expedition, costing two hundred thousand dollars, was worth to Italy many times its cost, for it drove home to the civilized world the fibre of which Italians are made. And now should an American put the Stars and Stripes on the Pole, every American would feel prouder, and that increment of justifiable pride to millions of us would alone be worth ten times the money outlay.

Aside from all this it would be an impetus to further geographical work in other important fields; and to every boy and girl with an atom of energy, ambition, and intelligence, it stands as an emulating object-lesson of high ideals, persistence, and

# EFFICIENCY OF AMERICAN MEDICAL COLLEGES

By Nicholas Senn

Because so many American medical students attend European colleges, this statement of compar-ison by the head professor of surgery at the Rush Medical College is both timely and significant

THE evolution of our medical schools has kept well abreast with those of our many progressive institutions for higher education. With the marvelous development of our country the medical colleges have made radical changes in equipments and methods of teaching in order to meet the increasing demands for physicians and surgeons of the highest qualifications. During Colonial times, and for nearly a century after our national independence was established, the growing demand for medical men made it necessary to give medical students an opportunity to qualify themselves for their life work in as short a time as possible and at a minimum expense. Not more than a quarter of a century ago few of our medical colleges required more than two terms of four months each attendance upon lectures and clinics, and one year of office study with a practitioner. The medical schools, with few exceptions, were private institutions, poorly equipped, and the clinical advantages of the most primitive sort. The students who aspired to a more complete mastery of the art and science of medicine were obliged to fill in the many gaps at some foreign university. Until recently our ambitious medical students and practitioners availed themselves of the teachings of the distinguished professors of the great clinical centres of Europe, more especially London, Edinburgh, Paris, and Vienna.



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A clock runs faster in winter than in summer.

The pendulum is a weight suspended on a wire which swings back and forth to regulate the clock. If you want the clock to run faster you raise the weight and lower it if you desire it to go slower.

All metals are affected by heat and cold.

When it is cold the pendulum wire contracts, or draws up, which makes it swing faster. When it is hot it expands, becomes longer, and the clock runs slower.

it is hot it expands, becomes longer, and the clock runs slower.

Clock makers overcome the effects of heat and cold by placing a tube of mercury on the weight of the pendulum so that when it is cold the mercury goes to the bottom of the tube and when it is hot it goes to the top. This always keeps the center of weight at the same place and overcomes the changes made by the temperature.

Instead of having a pendulum, a watch is provided with a balance wheel to regulate the movement. A balance wheel to regulate the movement. A balance wheel is affected by heat and cold just like a pendulum.

In order to perfectly regulate the movement of the watch and insure correct time the balance wheel must be delicately adjusted so there will be no place on the wheel that is heavier than any other place.

This is called poise.

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### SOUTH BEND WATCH CO.

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The balance wheel in all adjusted Scuth Bend watches provides for such conditions. It has a small opening in the rim near the spoke, so when it contracts it can do so without bulging.

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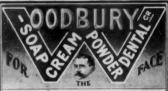
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# THE THOUGHT OF THE NATION

(Continued from page 27)

During the last twenty-five years Berlin has become the Mecca for medical students and physicians from all parts of the world. Vienna has maintained its reputation for the study of gross pathology, but as a clinical centre it is fast losing ground. The same can be said of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. The medical profession of this country must, however, not forget that for more than a century it had to depend largely upon English medical literature. Our text-books were English, and the medical journals of our country, struggling for an existence, had to borrow freely from the well-established English journals in Supplying their readers with the most recent in medicine and surgery.

During the war that resulted in our independence as a nation, our military and naval surgeons carried with them text-books written by surgeons who were directing the medical affairs of the opposing army. The two books consulted most frequently by our medical offeres during those eventful years were "The Diseases Incident to Armies, with, the Method of Cure," a translation of Baron on Swieten's work, with additions by John Rabby, Surgeon-General to the British Army, 1776; and "The Naval Surgeon: A Practical System of Surgery," by John Atkins, a British naval surgeon. With the rapid increase of our population, and national as well as individual wealth, our medical schools have gradually raised the requirements of admission, lengthened the time of college attendance, equipped laboratories, secured adequate clinical facilities, and initiated a vigorous final examination, until some of our leading schools, like the Harvard Medical School, the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, the University of Pennsylvania, the Johns Hopkins Medical School, and Rush Medical College, Chicago, compare well with any of the European schools. Fortunately, the elective system in teaching, so common in Europe, has found but little favor in this country. It can be safely stated that didactic teaching by lectures, recitations, demonstrations, and la

# DANGERS IN FOOD ADULTERATION

By H. W. Wiley, M. D.

The Chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry makes a suggestion which, should every housewife accept and practice it, would quickly terminate all food adulteration in this country

The Chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry makes a suggestion which, should every housewife accept and practice is, would quickly terminate all food adulteration in this country.

THERE are two great dangers in food adulteration—one physical, the other moral. There is a physical danger when the adulteration is of a nature to threaten health. There is a moral attending the manufacture and sale of adulterated articles. The common idea that many food adulterants are poisons in the ordinary sense of that term is not well founded. But that such adulteration often tends to impair digestion and interfere with many functional activities can not be denied, and it is true that sometimes food adulteration is positively poisonous. This was tragically illustrated a few years ago by the wholesale arsenical poisoning that took place in the Midland districts of England. A peculiar form of disease attacked thousands of people, mostly workingmen and their families, having for its chief characteristic a kind of paralysis of the peripheral nerves. In about five hundred cases this disease assumed more serious forms and ended in the death of the sufferers. A long and, for a time, fruitless investigation showed that the trouble was caused by drinking a cheap beer partly made from glucose (sugar made from starch by treatment with an acid). The glucose had been made with sulphuric acid which had been manufactured from iron pyrites containing a trace of arsenic. No wonder since then we look with suspicion on food products coming from England which contain glucose as a constituent. It has been proved also by the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture that even boric acid will produce marked derangement of digestion, headache, and loss of weight. It is generally believed by chemists and hygienists that salicylic, sulphurous and benzoic acids, formaldehyde, and sulphate of copper produce similar disturbing effects. Some one of these substances is often found in our daily food, and sometimes a majority of them. It must

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# Editorial Bulletin

### Patent Medicine Frauds

nt medicines are poisoning people throughout America to-day. Babies who re fed landanum under the name of syrup. Women are led to injure them-for life by reading in the papers about the meaning of backache. Yeng-uni boys are robbed and contaminated by vicious criminals who lure them to dens through seductive advertisements." Collings tor June 3, 1905.

N COLLIER'S for July 8 we published an article entitled "Criminal Newspaper Alliances with Fraud and Poison" in which it Alliances with Fraud and Poison," in which it was shown that the successful swindling of the public by the makers of patent medicines was largely due to the fact that the majority of newspapers afford wide publicity and

encouragement to their fraudulent claims. In an Editorial Talk, August 12, we announced a series of articles dealing with the patent medicine evil. These articles are now ready, and the publication of the series will be begun next week, October 7, under the title of "The Great American Fraud. These articles, which have been written by Mr. Samuel H. Adams, after an investigation lasting several months, will not only describe the methods

used to humbug the public into buying patent medicines through fake testimonials and lying statements published in the newspapers, but will show that a large number of the so-called "tonics" are only cocktails in disguise, and that many of these nostrums are directly responsible for the making of drunkards and drug fiends.

N the article on "Peruna" Mr. Adams quotes a well-known authority on drugaddictions as follows: "I have in the last two years met four cases of persons who drank Peruna in large quantities to intoxication. This was given to them originally as a tonic. They were treated under my care as simple alcoholics." In another paragraph Mr. Adams says: "In southern Ohio and in the mountain districts of West Virginia the 'Peruna Jag' is a standard form of As a matter of fact (see Report of the Massachusetts State intoxication." Board analyst) Peruna is more than a quarter alcohol. Beer is only onetwentieth alcohol. Yet Peruna is not by any means the worst of the "tonics" and "blood purifiers" — that is, alcoholically. But it is probably the worst in the claims it puts forth and in the evil it does by means of its lavish expenditure for newspaper advertising.

THERE are to be about six articles in this Patent Medicine series, possibly more; but the publication dates of the first three may now be definitely announced. They are:

# The Great American Fraud

I. Introductory Article . . . October
II. Peruna and the "Bracers" . . October . October 21 . . November 4 III. Liquozone . . .

The other articles will probably follow in fortnightly succession; the titles and dates to be announced later.

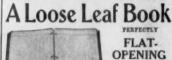
L IQUOZONE, until within the last few months, was one of the most widely and elaborately advertised frauds of all. As Mr. Adams says, it was "supported by an ingenious system of pseudo-scientific charlatanry." much of the fake about Liquozone has been exposed that its advertising literature is now being thoroughly revised, and for some time past not a squeak about "liquid ozone" has been heard in the newspapers. Mr. Adams will show the falsity of most of the claims made by the Liquozone people, telling among other things the delightful story of "the great scientist, Pauli," the discoverer of the nostrum, who was, in reality, a piano manufacturer named Powley, of Toronto, Canada. The articles will be fully illustrated with diagrams and photographs and with reproductions of certain newspaper contracts, letters, portraits of the writers of testimonials, and other interesting material.

### Some Things They Do Better Abroad

THE other series of articles, concerning which we promised to say more last week, deals with municipal conditions and with the possibilities for their improvement. The problem of the future is the problem of how to live decently More than two-thirds of the people of New England and the Middle States - in some States more than nine-tenths - are city dwellers now, and the proportion is constantly increasing. But the American city is such a new thing that it has not yet found itself. It has hardly recovered from its surprise at finding some hundreds of thousands of people huddled on a space which yesterday was forest or prairie. We can teach Europe how to conquer a continent, but Europe can still teach us a few things on the art of living in it after it is conquered. To investigate some of these points COLLIER'S sent Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, of its editorial staff, to Paris, Berlin, and London in the past summer, and the results of his investigations will be embodied in a series of articles to appear in early numbers, with abundant photographic illustrations.

THESE articles will tell how Paris contrives to make the most of the money she spends on her adornment, instead of wasting it by heedless scattering, as most American cities do. They will tell how Berlin has solved the slum problem, and describe the wonderful abattoir that robs even boarding-house tables of their terrors. They will treat of the remarkable achievements of an intelligently progressive, democratic local government in London, with its municipal steamboats, street cars, tunnels, and dwellings, and state the London answer to the question: "What is the proper place of parties in city politics?" With no pretence that any foreign city is a model to be slavishly imitated, there will be frank recognition of the fact that in certain lines each of them has done things that we can study with profit.







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